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OLLA PODRIDA,

K.P.P. Oxford.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT OXFORD

IN THE YEAR 1787.

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

SHAKSPEARE'S *As You Like It.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

OLLA PODRIDA.

No. I.——SATURDAY, *March* 17, 1787.

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

SHAKSPEARE'S *As You Like It.*

EVERY one muſt have obſerved the unpleaſant ſituation of a baſhful man, upon his introduction into a room, where he is unacquainted with the company: his arms are an incumbrance to him; when addreſſed he heſitates in reply, or anſwers with confuſion; his converſation is forced, and his remarks are moſt likely foreign to the purpoſe, and unnatural. I cannot but confeſs that ſuch is my preſent ſituation. While I am utterly unacquainted with

the humours of the perſons I am addreſſing, my converſation muſt naturally be expected to turn upon the weather, the news, and the common occurrences of the day; when we are become more intimate, we ſhall be more communicative; we may then proceed to the diſcuſſion of various weighty points of faſhion, honour, pleaſure, ſentiments perhaps *deſcending to literature*, but never to politics.

Should I unfortunately be detected in addreſſing complimentary letters to myſelf, filled with encomiums upon the elegance of my ſtyle, the purity of my language, and the verſatility of my genius; I hope with the reaſonable number of my readers, (and I cannot expect an unreaſonable number) it will be a ſufficient excuſe, that cuſtom hath made it a neceſſary appendage to a work of this kind. Such letters muſt be written, and if no ingenious friend will ſave me the trouble of tranſcribing them from dedications addreſſed to other great men, why I muſt e'en go to work myſelf.

Upon reviewing the different reaſons which are aſſigned by authors for favouring the world with their publications, (or, as the ungrateful world is too apt too call it, for obtruding their nonſenſe on the public,) I find, that with ſome it is an alleviation of pain, with others a diverſion from melancholy contemplations, ſome ſcribble becauſe it is cold weather, others becauſe it is hot, ſome becauſe they have nothing elſe to do,

and

and others becauſe they had better do any thing elſe.

To ſome this *cacoethes ſcribendi* is a chronic complaint. I remember a man who had regularly a fit of the gout every September: he was unavoidably confined to the houſe, which as unavoidably produced a fit of reading, and dictating to an amanuenſis, (for write he could not) ſo that by ſhaking hands with him, you might diſcover the advance of his poem from the ſize and ſtate of his chalkſtones. Many of thoſe people (who having been long afflicted with rheumatic complaints, are become tolerable chronicles of the weather,) agree in their obſervation, that a rainy ſeaſon is apt to produce an inundation of ſcribblers. Thus I have known the birth of an epic poem foretold by the ſhooting of a corn, and an ode to peace propheſied from a pain in the ſhoulder. The reaſon of this is obvious; wet weather confines people at home; people confined at home become ſick, liſtleſs, ſatirical, melancholy. Now the ſick man muſt not ſuffer his ideas to be ſtagnant, the liſtleſs muſt have ſomething to diſſipate his *ennui*, the ſatirical ſomething to vent his ſpleen upon, and the melancholy ſomething to amuſe him; and each, to anſwer his particular end,—writes.

Mr. Afflatus, who "is now a ſcribbler, that was once a man," caught his diſtemper by the mereſt accident in the world. He was going

out a ſhooting, and preparatory to it employed himſelf in drying his powder by the fire. A ſpark flying out, the whole magazine was in flames, and my friend ſuffered ſo much in the exploſion from the havock it made in the features of his face, that I ſcarce knew him. He was condemned for a conſiderable time to his chamber, and during that confinement firſt became acquainted with the Aonian ladies. He was driven by neceſſity to read, and chance having flung in his way the energetic poetry of Sir Richard Blackmore, ſuch a furor poeticus was kindled in his breaſt, that he inſtantly miſtook himſelf for a genius, and communicated his miſtake to the public. I have been informed, that in his firſt fit of poetic phrenſy, he was ſo conſiderably elevated and furious, that after having kicked down a whole ſet of china, the ſervants were obliged to be called in to hold him. The wet weather ſtill affects him, but he is now leſs violent, and his domeſtics take no other precaution than when they find the glaſs falling, or the ſky clouding over, to remove every thing out of his way which might be damaged by a fall.—I can now eaſily conceive ſome ſly female enquiring what, after all this detail of other people's misfortunes, can be the reaſon of *thy* ſcribbling? To which, as I am a downright kind of a being, I anſwer with more truth than politeneſs, becauſe it happens to be my humour; and, my dear madam,

ſhould

ſhould you be half as well pleaſed with what you read, as I am with what I write, I ſhall find in you a conſtant reader, and you will find in me a conſtant attentive ſlave. And ſince I have indulged the flattering ſuppoſition that I may poſſibly find a reader or two among the ladies, I beg leave to inform them that it is by no means my wiſh to call off their attention from their work, to diſmal enquiries into the nature of truth and falſehood, to the apothegms of moraliſts, the diſcoveries of philoſophers, or the diſquiſitions of the learned. I ſhall frequently devote a paper entirely to their ſervice; and, as I have none of thoſe antiquated prejudices or opinions about me, that advice may tend to the reformation of manners, or indeed that mankind ſtand in need of improvement, I ſhall ſtudy to entertain them without aſſuming the ſuperiority of a dictator.

In my attempts to collect materials for this purpoſe, I hope to ſucceed, notwithſtanding "Oxford" (according to the opinion of many) "is ſuch a dull, inſipid, out of the way place, "that if it were not for the ſtage coaches, it "would be difficult for a body to pick up news "enough in the week to furniſh a petit-maitre's "pocket-book."

There ſtill remains a very large claſs of readers for whom I confeſs myſelf totally unable to provide. I mean thoſe who (from various cauſes which I ſhall not at preſent enumerate) are en-

tertained with nothing but anecdotes of the beau monde, gleaned from waiters and unliveried gentlemen, or the ſcurrilities of an inſolent buffoon, which are unpuniſhed becauſe they are unworthy of notice.

That my attention has not been engaged in purſuits which will enable me to gratify ſuch taſtes, I do not repine.

Cur ego laborem notus eſſe tam pravè,
Cum ſtare gratis cum ſilentio poſſim?
MARTIAL.

"Why ſhould I labour in vicious induſtry,
"when I may remain without toil in inno-
"cent ſilence?"

I ſhould in vain endeavour to convey to my readers any very accurate idea of my propoſed plan, as that which is in itſelf incomplete, muſt be imperfect in deſcription. Thus far I can venture to promiſe them, that however little pleaſure they may reap from peruſing the produce of a gayer hour, or however little inſtruction from the lucubrations of a graver one, they will not have occaſion to reproach me with having willingly diſſeminated error, having made my correſpondence with the public the vehicle of private calumnies, or miniſtered by my pen to the gratification of vice.

I may

I may now perhaps be forgiven if I ſay a few words of myſelf; and having entered upon that favourite topic on which the dull can expatiate with brilliancy, and the ſterile with copiouſneſs, let me obtain the negative praiſe of not having been prolix. I ſhall only then add, that I am in good health, neither ſick, liſtleſs, ſatirical, nor melancholy; and that I ſhall be thankful for the communications of all correſpondents, and object to the publiſhing of nothing, which is not devoid of candour, delicacy, common ſenſe, or grammatical correctneſs.

——— pereat mea muſa, dolorium
Si quando ornaret vitium, aut ceciniſſe recuſet
Virtutemque, artemque, et quicquid carmine dignum.

ANONYM.

No. 2.——SATURDAY, *March* 24, 1787.

Laudant illa, ſed iſta legunt.

MARTIAL.

THE elegant and juſtly-admired author of the * Adventurer cenſures the practice of our inſtructors of youth, for making their pupils more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than the Odyſſey of Homer. I fear he has done this without producing by his arguments, a reformation in the conduct of ſome, who ſtill perſiſt in the proſecution of their plan; or conviction in the minds of others, who may have altered it.—"This abſurd cuſtom, ſays he, which ſeems to ariſe from the ſuppoſed ſuperiority of the former poem, has induced me to make ſome reflections on the latter." The cuſtom does not appear to be an abſurd one, but founded on the experience of its utility; nor can I think the ſuperiority of the Iliad ſuppoſed, but real.

"The moral of this poem (ſays the Adventurer is more extenſively uſeful than that of the Iliad, which, indeed, by diſplaying the dire effects of diſcord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the

* No. 75, Adventurer.

manual

manual of monarchs: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wiſdom, the temperance and fortitude of Ulyſſes, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compaſs of courts and palaces, but deſcends and diffuſes its influence over common life and daily practice." Upon this argument, namely, that the affairs which the Iliad treats of, are too far removed from common life to be of ſervice to common readers, is grounded his principal objection to the practice before obſerved.—Admitting the poſition to be true, the concluſion does not neceſſarily follow. It is univerſally allowed, that the doctrine of morality has never been more forcibly inculcated, or its practice more ſtrenuouſly and ſucceſsfully recommended, than in the lofty tales and ſublime language of Eaſtern literature. They have been ſubjects of imitation to an Adventurer, and a Rambler, and of admiration to all. The tendency of theſe tales is univerſally an incitement to virtue, by an unlimited diſplay of the workings of Providence. Yet how far removed are they from buſineſs "of common life and daily practice."

Infinite merit is certainly due to the ſimplicity of the Odyſſey. Yet is the Iliad by no means inferior in this particular. Even "*inter Reges atque Tetrarchas*" there is frequently room for it and no opportunity is loſt of introducing it. Whoever recollects how Andromache was employed, when from the top of

the tower ſhe beheld the fate of her huſband, will in vain ſeek to find the ſimplicity of that paſſage which deſcribes her employment any where equalled.

— — — ἄλοχος δ' οὔπω τι πέπυστο.
Εκτορος· οὐ γάρ οἱ τις ἐτήτυμος ἄγγελος ἐλθών
Ηγγειλ', ὅττι ῥά οἱ ωόσις ἔκτοθι μίμνε πυλάων·
Αλλ' ἥγ' ἱστὸν ὕφαινε, μυχῷ δόμου ὑψηλοῖο,
Δίπλακα, μαρμαρέην, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποικίλ' ἔπασσε·
Κέκλετο δ' αμφιπόλοισιν ἐϋπλοκάμοις κατὰ δῶμα
Αμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὄφρα πέλοιτο
Εκτορι θερμὰ λοετρὰ μάχης εκνοστήσαντι·
Νηπίη, οὐδ' ἐνόησεν, ὃ μιν μάλα τῆλε λοετρῶν
Χερσὶν Αχιλλῆος δάμασεν γλαυκῶπις Αθήνη.
Κωκυτοῦ δ' ἤκουσε και οἰμωγῆς ἀπὸ πύργου,
Τῆς δ' ελελίχθη γυῖα, χαμαὶ δὲ οἱ ἔκπεσε κερκίς.

II. X. 440.

But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead, &c.

POPE, book 22d, line 462, &c.

Criticiſm has no language to deſcribe the exquiſite tenderneſs and ſimplicity of the

Κέκλετο δ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν ἐϋπλοκάμοις κατὰ δῶμα
Αμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὄφρα πέλοιτο
Εκτορι θερμὰ λοετρὰ, &c.

Mr. Pope's tranſlation of which paſſage will give the Engliſh reader a very faint idea of the beauties of his original. The general originality

ginality of Thomſon will not be impeached if I ſubjoin a paſſage from his Winter, which bears a beautiful reſemblance of the foregoing lines in Homer:

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home.

"If the faireſt examples (proceeds the Adventurer) ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotiſm be preferable to implacability, if an eager deſire to return to one's country and family, be not more manly and noble, than an eager deſire to be revenged of an enemy, then ſhould our eyes be fixed rather on Ulyſſes than Achilles.—Unexperienced minds, too eaſily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to conſtancy, and firmneſs to humanity." It is one of the acute Dr. Clarke's obſervations, that Homer has repreſented the character of Achilles, "*qualis fuit, non qualis eſſe debuerit.*" The remark, however obvious it may appear when made, would not perhaps have occurred to the mind of a common reader. The conduct of the ſon of Peleus is related, but not defended; the cauſe of virtue does not ſuffer by

by the exhibition of a character in moſt reſpects amiable, in all illuſtrious, yet ſometimes giving way to the gratifications of luſt, and ſometimes to an inordinate thirſt for revenge. Its proper ſtigma is inflicted upon each deviation from virtue, by placing it in an odious light. His affectionate lamentation over his dead friend Patroclus, does not prevent the poet from ſtigmatizing the cruelty he exerciſed upon the ſlain Hector.

From the contemplation of the character of Ulyſſes and Achilles, very different ſentiments ariſe—When we are obſerving the former, the mind is wrapt in unwearied admiration, it is ſcarce awakened to obſervation from a continued ſeries of praiſe-worthy actions, but ſlumbers in the fulſomeneſs of perpetual panegyric.—If we would examine thoroughly the character of the latter, the mind muſt be ever at work: There is much to praiſe, and much to condemn, through a variety of good and bad circumſtances; we muſt "pick our nice way." His well-placed affection, his warm friendſhip, will create love; his revenge odium, and his cruelty abhorrence. Doubts will ariſe, and enquiry muſt be made, whether the one is more to be approved, or the other more to be avoided. Thus are we kept for ever on the watch; if our vigilance be for a moment abated, we have paſſed over ſome leading feature in the character of the Hero, or loſt the recital of ſome circum-

circumſtances, by which we might determine whether the virtues or the vices of Achilles preponderate. When Ulyſſes comes forward, the mind is already prepared, and knows what to expect: He is either the πολυμητις διος Οδυσσευς, *the wiſe and divine Ulyſſes*, or the διος αγαθος αυδην, *Ulyſſes godlike in voice*.—But upon the appearance of Achilles, we are uncertain whether he has broken his reſolution of not going out to battle, or whether he is meditating the deſtruction of the Trojan bulwark.

The meeting between Achilles and Hector, which is terminated by the death of the latter, is replete with variety ſufficient to arreſt the attention of every one, and ornament ſufficient to pleaſe every attention it engages. That defiance which each hurls at the other, marks the bravery of both; and when the latter falls, the proweſs of the former is confirmed. The ſcene now alters. In his ſpeech over the dead body of Hector, Achilles aſſigns to the gods the honour of his victory——επειδη τονδε ανδρα θεοι δαμασασθαι εδωκαν, *&c.*

Since now at length the powerful will of heav'n
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has giv'n

POPE, book 22d, line 275, &c.

Yet this generoſity cannot deprecate our abhorrence of the cruelty which follows—Hector is

is dragged at the wheels of his conqueror's chariot— Αμφι δε χαιται,

Κυανεαι πιλναντο· καρη δ' απαν εν κονιησι
Κειτο παρος χαριεν.

His hair is clotted, and that countenance, heretofore so beautiful, is all polluted in the dust.

Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, the long descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand.
POPE, book 22d, line 505, &c.

This is done amid the lamentations of the Trojans, and, it may be presumed, the silent acquiescence of the Greeks by the distress of this scene is still to be heightened. Who can bear the appearance and voice of the old king Priam, without heaping curses upon the author of his distress?—ἀνερα τουτον ατασθαλον εβριμοεργον, &c.—

I, only I will issue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends I ask ye none)
And bow before the murderer of my son.
POPE, book 22d, line 531, &c.

"The remaining reasons why the Odysses is equal (says the Adventurer) if not superior to the Iliad, and why more peculiarly proper for the perusal of youth, are because the great variety of events and scenes it contains, interest and

and engage the attention more than the Iliad; becauſe characters and images drawn from familiar life, are more uſeful to the generality of readers, and are alſo more difficult to be drawn; and becauſe the conduct of this poem, (conſidered as the moſt perfect of epopees) is more artful and judicious than that of the other." The firſt of theſe remaining reaſons, namely, that the Odyſſey muſt intereſt and engage the attention more than the Iliad, I fear is a declaration which will go near to overturn what was advanced in the beginning of the critique, "that unexperienced minds, too eaſily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to conſtancy, and firmneſs to humanity." The difficulty of drawing a character is perhaps no where ſo happily ſurmounted as in the ſecond book of the Iliad, wherein he gives an account of Therſites,

Φολκὸς ἦεν, χωλὸς δ' ἕτερον ποδὰ, τὼ δέ οἱ ὦμω
Κυρτὼ, ἐπὶ στῆθος συνοχωκότε· αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε
Φοξὸς ἦεν κεφαλὴν, ψεδνὴ δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη.
Ἐχθιστος δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ μάλιστ' ἦν ἠδ' Ὀδυσῆϊ·
Τὼ γὰρ νεικείεσκε. Τοτ' αὖ Ἀγαμέμνονι δίῳ
Ὀξέα κεκληγὼς λέγ' ὀνείδεα· τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Ἐκπάγλως κοτέοντο, νεμέσσηθέν τ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ μακρὰ βοῶν, Ἀγαμέμνονα νείκεε μύθῳ.

His figure ſuch as might his ſoul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
POPE, book 2d, line 263, &c.

This

: This may perhaps be called rather a deſcription of the perſon than a delineation of his character. Yet if from this deſcription we take in the few preceding lines, the art of the poet has left us ignorant of nothing which was paſſing in the mind of Therſites. Providence has been kindly parſimonious in the production of ſuch objects, yet they have come within the notice of moſt people. The conduct of the Odyſſey may be more reducible to rule, but the Iliad abounds with the ſublimer beauties.

Whoever is acquainted with the Ajax and Philoctetes of Sophocles, and the contention between Ajax and Ulyſſes of Ovid, will be convinced that Homer's character of Ulyſſes is drawn to an exceſs *con amore*, and that of Achilles with fidelity. On the one hand, he will obſerve the flattering fondneſs of the painter, on the other, he will approve the inflexible veracity of the Hiſtorian.

No. 3.——SATURDAY, *March* 31, 1787.

Arcades Ambo. VIRG.

SLAVES at Athens, who had been guilty of theft, were, in order to publiſh their diſgrace and infamy, branded in the forehead with two letters, and were thence called γραμματα or *literati*.

When I acknowledge my obligations to two diſtinguiſhed *literati*, whoſe letters will compoſe the ſubſtance of this paper, I caution my claſſical readers againſt ſuppoſing that I uſe the word in its original Athenian ſenſe.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

London, March, 1787.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE familiarity with which I addreſs you, will, I think, be ſufficiently juſtified, when I inform you, that I am an author as well as yourſelf. Our lines of buſineſs differ indeed. Your *care* ſeems to be in *endeavouring* to entertain your readers with productions of the lighter caſt, while I am engaged in graver duties; troubleſome indeed to myſelf, but of the utmoſt importance to *mankind*. You muſt know

I am

I am the mouth from which many of our paſtors and inſtructors deliver oracles. In ſhort, my office is to write ſermons for young divines, which (ſuch is my zeal for religion) I diſtribute at Three-pence each, or 2s. 9d. per dozen. After the expences of printing, &c. are defrayed, my gains, as you may ſuppoſe, are very ſmall.—Yet, ſmall as they are, Sir, I am ſatisfied, while my conſcience, without flattering, tells me I have deſerved, if not obtained, a reputation. One of my ſermons (it was printed in a type which might be miſtaken for handwriting, price only 1s.) procured the purchaſer of it a lectureſhip in the borough; to be ſure, the gentleman had a main good voice, which he did not poſſeſs for nothing. But what is the ſage without the gooſe?

Another gentleman, a doctor, who wrote rather grave ſermons, being much ſmitten with a young lady, who objected to him on account of his gravity, applied to me for a ſermon ſuited to his circumſtances; I took his caſe into conſideration, provided him with a diſcourſe ſo lively, that he carried off the lady in triumph in leſs than three weeks.—Nobody ſlept; the people were very attentive, and ſtared a good deal.

While I was buſy in compoſing this ſermon, a few evenings ago for the doctor, three young divines, my cuſtomers, rapped at my door. Compliments having been on each ſide paid and received, they were ſeated. When I informed them

them of the buſineſs I was engaged in, from what reaſon I knew not, I found in all of them a promptitude to laughter, which was irkſome to me; but as every now and then ſome obſervation was made, which was the ſpecious cauſe of their merriment, I was unwilling to ſuppoſe they meant a direct inſult. But at laſt I had too manifeſt a proof of their intentions to deride me. My candle wanted ſnuffing, the ſnuffers were not to be found. I have no bell in my room, but am accuſtomed to ſummon my landlady, who lives under me, by the ſtamp of my foot. I now gave the young rogues occaſion to banter me. One told me I reminded him of Pompey the Great, who declared before the ſenate, that he could raiſe legions by the motion of his foot; but that I was ſuperior, in performing what Pompey found he could not. Another dryly congratulated me upon the acquiſition of a place in the ſtamp-office: the third (who was determined to have his fling at me, though what he ſaid had nothing to do with the preſent buſineſs) begged I would give him my opinion of South's ſermons; and obſerved, that he had that morning turned off his taylor for detecting him in cabbaging. I diſdained to make any reply to the groſſneſs of their wit, nor did I even reproach them with ingratitude. I neither reminded the one of the charity ſermon which got him ſo much applauſe, nor the other of the funeral ſermon which

which ſet his congregation a roaring. But to me they are obliged for moſt of their diſcourſes, and all their reputation. To be ſure the ſlip I made in tranſcribing South's ſermon was unlucky. But am I for that to be made miſerable for ever? Am I for that to loſe my reputation; and muſt I return to my old trade of ſtay-making? Do, good brother, conſider the dignity of our profeſſion, and put me in a way of mitigating the rigour of ſome of my critical cuſtomers, and regaining the favours of others which I have loſt by an unfortunate cabbage, or the laughter of an audience, when it was the intention of the preacher that they ſhould be grave. Render me this piece of ſervice, and I will write your funeral ſermon, which you ſhall inſpect, and, if you pleaſe, alter before you die.

Bound, together with you, in the ſervice of the public, believe me yours ſincerely.

HABAKKUK CANTWELL.

P. S. If any gentleman agrees with me for ſermons by the great, I give him my lecture on delivery for nothing, and for my eſſay on pulpit oratory charge him only One Shilling and Sixpence, which to common cuſtomers is Two Shillings. I exchange his old ſermons for new at half price.

N. B. My landlady has requeſted that I will take every handſome opportunity of informing her

her neighbours and the public, that ſhe ſells corn-plaiſter—and really very good, for I have uſed it. No. 13, —— St. ——ſtreet, Petty-France—To prevent miſtakes, a blue lamp over the door.—Mr. Cantwell is always at home, except on Sundays, and then is to be ſpoken with at the Admiral Rodney, Iſlington.

I am unwilling to quarrel with the familiarity of my brother Cantwell, leſt, as he in all probability deals in the *proverbs* and the *neverbs*, he ſhould remark that I lay myſelf open to the application of the well-known, "*Two of a trade can never agree.*" His generoſity in making a preſent of his lecture to his cuſtomers, reminds me of the lame man, who cried, "Come, buy my gingerbread, and I'll give you a dram." 'Tis true he gave his dram, but made you pay ſixpence for a gingerbread nut. So the famous Dr. Leo cures his patients *gratis*, and only charges half-a-crown for his box of ſalve.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

SIR,

I herewith ſend you a ſhort hiſtory of myſelf. I did once keep a theme-ſhop in an univerſity, which ſhall be nameleſs, where I ſerved undergraduates with exerciſes of every kind, having men under me whom I employed in the different branches

branches of the trade. Theſe were not your handycraftſmen, your Starvelings, and your Nick-Bottoms, but, as I may ſay, they were *eruditi togati homines*, learned men, men of the gown. To each I allotted their different departments; here were your tranſlators, your declamation-ſpinners, and your weavers of lent-epigram. By the labours of theſe gentry, whom I paid by the piece, I got a decent livelihood; but as I thought my talents conſiderably improved by habitual commerce with books and bookiſh men, I reſolved to ſhake off all incumbrance, and ſeek a place where I might give play to abilities, and obtain a ſhare of reputation as well as a livelihood. It is now about a twelvemonth ſince, that in conformity to this reſolution, I opened a neat and convenient ſhop, not far from the bottom of the Hay-market, where I deal out to cuſtomers of all ſorts whatever they may want in the literary way, at the loweſt prices.

I have by me, in the poetic line, every thing that can be named, from an acroſtic to an epic poem. I have ſun-riſings and ſun-ſettings for all perſons, places, and ſeaſons. Not like Mr. Bickerſtaff's, confined to this or that condition. But I have the milk-maid's ſun-riſe, the cobler's ſun-riſe, the politician's ſun-riſe, the poet's or common ſun-riſe, with proper ſun-ſets to match them. I have ſtorms for ſeamen, and ſtorms for landſmen; not to mention a few hailſtorms,

hailſtorms, ſqualls of wind, &c. &c. I have ſimilies, from Arcadia for paſtoral writers; metaphors for people of quality, in Joe Miller's true ſenſe of the word, ſuch as you never *met-a-fore*, and a bundle of tropes unſorted, conſiſting of metonomy, apoſiopeſis, ſynecdoche, &c. for epic poets and ſonnetteers. I have a fine ſoliloquy, ſuppoſed to have been uttered by Nahum Tate upon his death-bed. It is not in a ſtrain of rant, but ſo tender—it would do your heart good to hear how my ſhop-boy does roar when I read to him.

In the way of proſe, I have jokes for diſbanded ſtateſmen, elegantly-turned compliments ſuited to all occaſions, and panegyrics applicable to all people that on earth do dwell, provided they are high in the world; an eſſay on the baneful effects of intemperance and charcoal; a looſe parcel of ſentences for mottos; a few knowing phraſes to be uſed at races, with a file of conundrums to make the ladies laugh,—the latter are well adapted to the mouth of any gentleman who has a remarkable good ſet of teeth. Of the graver kind, I have two ſermons, which ſmack pretty well of the high church. A two ſhilling pamphlet upon the riſe and fall of the tucker. This is in black letter, and treats of an invention of our anceſtors, which has been unhappily loſt. I have looked in Pancirollus, and all the books of that ſort, and can find no mention of it; it is therefore a conſiderable curioſity.

I have

I have ſpeeches ſuited to members of parliament in all trying ſituations; whether they are about to conſult their conſtituents through the medium of a hogſhead of claret, or to deſcant upon an infringement of the game laws. Some pithy ſarcaſms upon country members, who have been often ridiculed, but never properly handled. An eſſay on matrimony, and an elaborate treatiſe on the uſe and abuſe of the parentheſis in modern compoſition. Who knows, Mr. ——, but I may be able to ſerve you one of theſe days, when you have been idle, or are put to it for a joke. I ſay nothing, but there is nobody I would ſooner oblige. I will ſend you ſome ſpecimens of the different works I have mentioned, and ſhall hope at leaſt to meet with your approbation, if not your cuſtom.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

POLUMATHES.

No. 4.——SATURDAY, *April* 7, 1787.

Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

HORACE.

Perhaps in the ſame open baſket laid,
Down to the ſtreet together be convey'd;
Where pepper, odours, frankincenſe are ſold,
And all ſmall wares in wretched rhimes unroll'd.

FRANCIS.

IT is melancholy to reflect on the unhappy circumſtances which have frequently attended the deaths of authors. If we turn over the pages of literary hiſtory, we ſhall find that although many have enjoyed the gratification of hearing their own praiſes, and ſome have even baſked in the ſunſhine of opulent patronage, yet their deaths have been often obſcure, and ſometimes diſaſtrous. Cicero fell a victim to party-rage, Sidney expired in the field of battle, Crichton fell by aſſaſſination, and Otway periſhed by famine.

The fate of books is oftentimes ſimilar to that of authors. The flattery of dedications, and the teſtimony of friends, are frequently interpoſed in vain to force them into popularity

and applauſe. It is not the faſhion of the preſent day to indulge the hangman with the amuſement of committing books to the flames, yet they are in many inſtances condemned to a more inglorious deſtiny. The grocer, the chemiſt, and the tallow-chandler, with "ruthleſs and unhallowed hands," tear whole libraries in pieces, and feel as little compunction on the occaſion, as the Thracian ladies did, when they diſmembered Orpheus. The leaves are diſtributed among their cuſtomers with ſundry articles of trade that have little connection with claſſical fragments, whilſt the tradeſman, like the ſibyl, cares not a farthing what becomes of them.

Nunquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere ſaxo,
Nec revocare ſitus aut jungere carmina curat.
VIRGIL.

I was led into this train of thought by receiving a pound of ſugar from my neighbour *Tim Tear-title*, the grocer, wrapt up in a ſheet of letter-preſs. *Tim* deals ſo largely in books, that he has many more than is ſufficient for his own uſe, with which he very bountifully obliges the literati in foreign parts. I remember juſt before the American war broke out, my curioſity was excited to know what a large hogſhead, which ſtood at the door, contained. I found, on cloſe examination, that it was filled with old pamphlets, moſt of them on ſubjects

of

of liberty, non-conformity, and whiggiſm, which Tim was going to ſhip off for a Yankee ſhop-keeper, in New-England. Whatever ſage politicians may have ſaid to the contrary, it is not at all to be doubted, that the importation of this cargo ſpread the wild-fire of rebellion among the Boſtonians, and was the ſole cauſe of the late bloody and expenſive war.—Although my neighbour *Tim* is no ſcholar by profeſſion, yet it is aſtoniſhing what a progreſs he has made in books. He has finiſhed a compleat ſet of the *General Councils*, and is now hard at work upon the *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, whom he cuts up with greater expedition than Dr. Prieſtley himſelf. Perhaps more logick and metaphyſicks have paſſed through his hands than Lord Monboddo ever ſaw. He would have been a long time in diſpatching a ſet of *French Reviews*, had he not begun upon them when the price of coffee was reduced. The other day ſome young ſparks, who belong to a celebrated academy, where every thing is taught, brought him a parcel of Latin claſſicks. He tore off the covers with as much ſang-froid as a Nymph of Billingſgate ſtrips an oyſter of its ſhell, and bought Horace and Virgil for three-halfpence per pound. He obſerved, with a ſapient look, "That as for your *Virgilus* tranſlation into Latin, "I reckon it no better than waſte paper; but if "it had been *Mr. Dryden's Hiſtory of the*

"*Trojan Horſe*, I would have kept it for my "own reading."

I have been told by learned men, that it is a queſtion much debated in the Univerſities, whether or no the *place ought to agree with the thing placed*. Now after all that ſerious meditation, which ſo abſtruſe a point requires, I am determined to decide in the affirmative. For who cannot ſee the propriety, or rather (as *Parſon Square* would ſay) the fitneſs of things in wrapping up a cheeſe-cake in a paſtoral, ſugar-candy in a dedication, or gunpowder in a ſermon on the fifth of November.

There never was a time when learning forced itſelf ſo much into notice as it does at preſent. You can no more walk a hundred yards in any ſtreet, or go into any houſe, without ſeeing ſome diſplay of it, than you can turn a corner in London without ſeeing a beggar, or hear a ſailor talk without ſwearing. A man of faſhion imperceptibly keeps up his acquaintance with his alphabet, by playing at the noble game of Te-totum, or riſquing his fortune at an E O table. Book-ſtalls furniſh hiſtory; the walls of houſes poetry; hand-bills medicine; fire-ſcreens geography, and clocks morality. Theſe are the channels which convey to the porter the knowledge of the conſtitution, to the apprentice the art of rhiming, to the members of Parliament an acquaintance with our India

India ſettlements, and to the fat alderman, wiſe ſayings.

For my own part I am not ſatisfied with ſuch vulgar means of growing learned, but love to follow literature into her more ſecret receſſes. Fortunately, chance has furniſhed me with the means of doing this, without being driven to the immenſe *bore* of poring over books, which would only produce the effects of a doſe of opium. I have a trunk, which, like the dagger of Hudibras, may be applied to more purpoſes than one. It is lined with ſeveral ſheets of the royal regiſter, and of courſe contains much edifying information. During my travels, I watch my trunk with the ſame fond anxiety which Sancho uſed to feel for his beloved Dapple. On my arrival at an inn, after having ſtudied the moſt curious manuſcript in the houſe, the bill of fare, I unlock my magazine of linen and learning, and feaſt upon delicious ſcraps of characters, until more ſubſtantial food is ſet upon the table. When I travel in company, my aſſociates complain of my taking an unreaſonable time to equip myſelf. They are not aware, that frequently whilſt they think I am fluctuating between boots and ſhoes, I am conjecturing what the initial letters of my fragment ſtand for, and that inſtead of changing my linen, I am ſhifting from the Duke of Marlborough to Lord Chatham.

To thoſe who wiſh not to forget all that their ſchool-maſters taught them, this ſort of light reading is to be recommended. It would be no bad plan if all genteel people would furniſh their trunks, portmanteaus, caravans, and band-boxes with the beauties of ſome author that ſuits their taſte. If the Beau Monde ſhould be afraid of injuring their eyes, by theſe ſtudies, Mademoiſelle Abigail, or Monſieur Valet de Chambre, had better be deputed to read trunk-lectures to them. Hoyle on whiſt will anſwer extremely well for old ladies; Tom Jones or Joſeph Andrews for boarding-ſchool miſſes; Eaton's Theſaurus, or the art of ſhooting flying, for parſons; Patterſon's book of roads for lawyers on the circuit; and Phillidore on cheſs for the gentlemen of the army.

Pedants may object, that if the above plan ſhould become general, the works of the learned will be no longer treaſured up in the libraries of the great. But let them not be alarmed, for they may be certain, that whilſt books are conſidered by a refined age as a ſpecies of ornamental furniture, and ſupply the place of the *claſſics in wood*, they will not be driven from their preſent poſts. There is, it muſt be confeſſed, great reaſon to be alarmed at the deſtruction which threatens ſome branches of literature. Innumerable enemies are conſtantly on the watch to annihilate inſipid novels, ſcurrilous ſatires, party pamphlets, and indecent ſongs.

ſongs. If they chance to attract the public eye for a week or two, they cannot eſcape that deſtiny which their authors were too much dazzled with their own *charming* productions to foreſee. As weeds by their decay fertilize the ſoil from which they ſprung, ſo theſe flimſy and noxious publications do great ſervice to ſociety, by lighting a pipe, embracing a tallow-candle, or forming the baſis of a minc'd-pie.

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No. 5.——SATURDAY, *April* 14, 1787.

Μισω σοφιςτην ὅςτις ὐκ ἄυτῳ σοφει.

GR. PROV.

THERE is no ſpecies of ſcience whoſe utility is more generally allowed than that which is called Knowledge of the World, the ſafeguard of the prudent, the manual of the cunning, and ſometimes the inſtrument of virtue. It has been often remarked, that men of acknowledged abilitiesand great literary merits, have been in general found more deficient in this kind of knowledge than the illiterate and the vulgar. Some have ranked this acquiſition ſo low, as to have ſuppoſed it unworthy ſuch men's attention; others have, perhaps, erroneouſly conjectured, that it was too high for their attainment; and others again, with more ſhadow of reaſon, have aſcribed their want of it to the imperfection of human nature.

Since the excellence and ſuperiority of this attainment is acknowledged by all, it is not to be wondered at, if the acquiſition of it engages the attention and purſuit of all.

It may not be improper to aſcertain, as near as poſſible, the meaning of the term Knowledge of the World, which with every claſs of different men has a different acceptation. With ſome people it means, what has been called *a knaviſh form of underſtanding*, abounding in tricks of low cunning, and pregnant with ſtratagems, by which a perſon advances his own intereſt, without regard to the ruin of the unwary, or the contempt of the upright. The man of trade, whom his own arts or his own induſtry have enriched, is ſufficiently convinced, that to his *knowledge of the world* he is indebted for his preſent exemption from buſineſs, for the enjoyment of his villa, and the envy of his neighbourhood. In his great veneration of this kind for knowledge, he forgets that the ſame arts which expedite the acquiſition of wealth, frequently ſupply temptations to impair honeſty.

Some arrive at this knowledge, by living with an opera-ſinger at Paris, bringing home the name of a noted Italian ballet-maſter, or wearying out the mention of their yawning friends with indefinite and unſatisfactory accounts of the Eſcurial. To ſome a more eaſy path toward the acquiring knowledge is open; they may learn, without leaving London, with what eaſe the ace of ſpades will convey an eſtate from one honourable family to another; of how *little moment* it is when compared with

a rational amuſement of a *ſerious* game of whiſt, whether a wife be made unhappy, or a family ruined.

Some, who are not fond of parting with their money without any gratification, have been prudent enough to ſtipulate for *ſport* in exchange; well ſatisfied they repair to that repoſitory of the arts and ſciences, Newmarket, andare handſomely recompenſed by a good gallop for the loſs of their whole fortune.

It is *knowledge of the world* which directs the cheeſe-monger's wife in her choice of a gown, and the putting up of her pickles; it determines whether her cap ſhall be like Mrs. Cheſhire's or Mrs. Tape's; whether her Sunday's ride ſhall convey her to the Angel at High-gate, or to the Pack-horſe at Turnham-green. *Knowledge of the world* perſuades the Spendthrift, that in expence alone conſiſts the ſçavoir vivre, and teaches the Uſurer to withhold his loan, till the premium is doubled. The increaſe of this knowledge begets that comfortable contempt which each claſs entertains for the other; it ſupports the man of ſubſtance in his condemnation of poverty, and inſtructs the man of pleaſure to deſpiſe the ſons of mechaniſm and tallow.

It is *knowledge of the world* by which the man of faſhion acquires a readineſs in the different forms of ſalutation; the proper reſerve with which he treats an inferior; and the ſkilful adulation

adulation with which he approaches the fool greater than himſelf.

To his *knowledge of the world* the clerical ſolicitor is obliged, while he evades the penalties incurred by ſimoniacal contracts, flies from the vigilance of epiſcopal enquiry, and is mean enough to ſhear the flock, which he is too proud to feed.

The ſceptic in religion diſcovers his *knowledge of the world* by aſſerting a natural right to think for himſelf; by ſea-ching with eager enquiry after what muſt be for ever before his eyes; and doubting the truth of that which nature inſiſts upon "through all her works."

It is forſooth an accurate *knowledge of the world* which prompts the Atheiſt to inform his hearers, that the duties of religion are impoſitions upon the weak and credulous, the contrivances of ambition, the clogs and impediments to the progreſs of real merit.

It is this ſalutary *knowledge of the world* which aſſiſts the Libertine in his career, and gives vigour to the arm of the ſuicide.

This boaſted wiſdom then, by which the tradeſman acquires wealth, the minion of faſhion the notice of his peers, the ſceptic reputation, and the libertine encouragement, is too high for the attainment only of men of abilities, ſcience and literature! This is ſurely a poſition to which no logical fallacy can give the appearance of truth. Is it probable, that

the

the ſame man, who can ſucceſsfully combat the inſidious arguments of ſchiſmatic theologiſts, ſhould become the dupe of a low-minded and deſigning mechanic? Or ſhall He, who can with accuracy examine the claims of the impoſtor Mahomet, bow down before the ſuperior wiſdom of a tricking pedlar?

It is from an honeſt benevolence of heart, the peculiar concomitant of an enlightened mind, which neglects to fortify itſelf againſt attacks it has never provoked, and diſdains to ſuſpect the injury it has never felt, that men of ſuperior talents frequently fall into the ſnares of theſe ſagacious ſons of prudence.

It is not to be wondered at, that they whoſe attention has been diverted from the concerns of the world to objects of a higher nature, ſhould perform thoſe offices which are neceſſary to ſociety with leſs ſkill than others, whoſe lives have been conſumed in the conſtant intercourſe with mankind, and the noiſe and buſtle of buſineſs. In the performance of thoſe offices, the frequent ſuperiority of ignorance over learning is evident and confeſſed. The former oftentimes effects with eaſe what the latter in vain attempts, with aukwardneſs and timidity; aukwardneſs, ariſing from a baſhful mind, and timidity from the conſciouſneſs of its own defects.

Yet

Yet let thoſe who excel in worldly wiſdom bear their triumph with moderation, when they are reminded, that wealth, which only gratifies the avarice of its poſſeſſor, without being the inſtrument of his benevolence, is neither honourable nor ornamental; and that power, for which ambition pants, only ſhews itſelf illuſtrious, when it is exerted to ſuppreſs injuſtice, and to protect innocence.

No. 6.——SATURDAY, *April* 21, 1787.

Credula turba ſumus.

THE character of the late king of Pruſſia, together with the reſidence of Dr. Katterfelto, and other heroes of that country in England, have contributed to raiſe in the minds of many of our countrymen a very high and ſplendid idea of that nation of philoſophers, warriors, and phyſicians.

I was paſſing, not long ago, through Holborn with a friend whom I had all my life miſtaken for a man of ſenſe, when a printed bill of Dr. Katterfelto's was put into our hands, and ſoon after the Doctor himſelf, in a ſhabby kind of chariot, whiſked by us :—Is that, exclaimed my friend, an equipage ſuitable to the character and condition of a brother to a colonel in the king of Pruſſia's life-guards? Ought he to be reduced to the neceſſity every day of reminding the public of his ſituation, his dignity, and his quality? Is it not ſcandalous, that he who has done ſuch ſignal ſervices to all the princes and potentates of Europe, ſhould be ſuffered in this humiliating manner to ſupplicate the attendance of gentlemen and ladies upon

upon his exhibition at only one ſhilling each? —Oh, Mr. ———, I am ſorry to ſay it, we are an envious nation, and willing only to favour thoſe whom we deſpiſe. The French ſend over their Veſtris, their dancing-dogs, and wheedle us out of our money, and then ſkip off with it; the Italians,—but we will not talk of them, for I ſhall be in a paſſion—while this honeſt Dr. Katterfelto can with difficulty obtain a livelihood. There's Dr. Leo again, who has performed ſuch and ſo many extraordinary cures in moſt of the king of Pruſſia's camps, to ſay nothing of his table in Covent-garden, where I myſelf have felt the ſalutary effects of his advice. I am really aſhamed, ſir, ſuppoſe theſe gentlemen ſhould ever go back, as they have often threatened, to their own country, what muſt become of our national reputation? The wonderful Doctor would take away his cats with him, and the tall regiment would laugh at us.

My friend was ſo ſerious in his harangue, that I would not hazard offending him by ridicule, but I could not help hinting my doubts as to the truth of the aſſertions, which theſe gentry are very apt to make.

Upon my return home, I immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to the ſhop of my ingenious and valuable friend and correſpondent Mr. Polumathes, requeſting that he would

ſend

ſend me by the bearer a ſhort eſſay on that benevolent credulity, by which our friend John Bull is ſo diſtinguiſhed, and ſo deceived; with which I purpoſed to conclude this paper. My meſſenger brought back the following anſwer, replete with that candour and good ſenſe for which Mr. P. is ſo juſtly celebrated.

Friday Morning.

DEAR SIR,

THE commiſſion you have been ſo kind as to favour me with, highly flatters me. It raiſes my idea of your diſcernment, and my own abilities: But the reaſon why I cannot execute it ſo faithfully as I could wiſh, is briefly as follows: Some time ago, it was, I know not by what enemies to the ſtate, induſtriouſly ſtrewed in the common ear, and was believed by the herd, that the lake of Geneva was filled with gin. Now this I knew to be a vulgar error, and to prevent its evil conſequences by emigration, and to put a little money in my own pocket, I gave the world a pamphlet on the ſubject. Herein I ſufficiently pointed out to my honeſt countrymen thoſe inconveniences, into which they were too eaſily led by their credulity; I aſſured them the report was a falſe one; and, moreover, that they might get

gets as good gin at the Two Brewers, or the White Horſe Cellar, as Geneva could produce. You will not be ſurpriſed if I add, that in this pamphlet I exhauſted on the ſubject all the rhetoric I had in my ſhop, and indeed left myſelf ſo bare of argument, that I had not enough by me to anſwer a trifling ſquib which was written in ridicule of my work.

Receive my Thanks for the honour you have done me, and believe me on this, and all other occaſions

your ſervant at command,

MICHAEL POLUMATHES.

Such being the anſwer of my friend Mr. Michael Polumathes, my intention of giving to the world a treatiſe upon ſo intereſting a ſubject, is fruſtrated; and I have room left to recommend to their notice the letters of two other correſpondents.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

DEAR SIR,

I ſhould be very much obliged to you or any perſon who would define to me the meaning of a very common phraſe, "He's a dry fellow." It is a mode of expreſſion which all people

people uſe, and many, I dare ſay, underſtand: I own I do not. As I was coming out of Whitehall, a few Sundays ago, I met a friend at the door, who aſked me what the Doctor had been preaching about; I told him, as near as I could gueſs, about twenty-five minutes. He immediately put me down, as he ſaid, for a dry fellow. It was in vain that I aſſured him I was not dry. He inſiſted upon it I was, and he ſhould reckon me ſo as long as I lived. I was ſometime after relating to him what I thought a bon-mot of a man, who, being adviſed to enlarge his houſe, becauſe (as his adviſer obſerved) he had not room to ſwing a cat, ſimply replied, "I don't want to ſwing a "cat." He heard my ſtory, and then affirmed, that I had a ſet of the *drieſt* acquaintance of any man he knew. I repeatedly endeavoured to bring him to an explanation, but to no purpoſe: all I could get from him was, "a curſed dry fellow, a dry dog indeed." Now if this phraſe has no meaning, it ſhould be aboliſhed; if it has any, I ſhould take it as a great favour if it might be no longer concealed from the vulgar, of which I confeſs myſelf one.

JERRY SIMPLE.

To

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

SIR,

Sauntering along the road the other day, I came to a ſmall inn, where all was buſtle and confuſion by the arrival of ſome great family, with their numerous retinue; but what claimed moſt attention was the accident of a favourite dog, who was trod on by one of the horſes turning ſhort; whether it was by chance, or whether it again proved, that a favourite has no friends, was not for me to decide: a glaſs of brandy was called for, a common gill, enough to warm a poor man in a cold morning, was rejected, as inſufficient; and nothing would do but a tumbler full to bathe PERO's foot in: it was afterwards rubbed with friar's balſam, bound up with rags, and committed to the care of Mrs. Betty, to travel in the coach with her. I admire compaſſion whereever I ſee it exerted through the wide ſphere of ſenſative life; but our refinement may be carried too far, and that ſympathizing attention which humanity demands, be ſquandered on the brute creation. I knew an old maiden lady, whoſe tears could tenderly flow at the relation of the ſufferings of a cat, but who did not exhibit any active benevolence at

at the call of the wants of her poor or ſuffering neighbours. Yet ſhe could readily excuſe herſelf by unremitting attention to her favourite animals. Let them be provided for according to their condition; yet we muſt remember that there are duties of humanity belonging to a higher claſs, and we ſhall find but ſmall excuſe in the judgment of enlightened reaſon, if we urge our regard to inferior obligations, while thoſe of a ſuperior kind are neglected.

I am, Yours, &c.

VIATOR.

No. 7.——SATURDAY, *April* 28, 1787.

Servatâ ſemper lege et ratione loquendi.
JUVENAL.

THE different writers who have obliged the world with memoirs of Dr. Johnſon, all agree to inform us, that he eſteemed converſation to be the comfort of life. He himſelf, indeed, in the *Idler*, has not ſcrupled to compare it to a bowl of that liquor, which, under the direction of Mr. Bydone, ſo deſervedly engaged the attention of the Sicilian clergy; and in the compoſition of which, while the ſpirit is duly tempered by water, and the acid ſufficiently corrected by ſugar, the ingredients wonderfully conſpire to form the moſt delicious beverage known among mortals.

But whether it be that the requiſites for producing converſation, like thoſe for making punch, are not always to be had, or are not good in their kind, or not properly mixed, certain it is, that in the former caſe, as in the latter, the operation does not at all times ſucceed, to the ſatisfaction of the company; nothing being more common than to hear perſons complaining, that after many hours paſſed in this way,

way, they have found neither improvement nor entertainment.

Without ſtudy or method, I ſhall ſet down ſuch thoughts as may occur to my mind, on this moſt intereſting ſubject.

That converſation may anſwer the ends for which it was deſigned, the parties who are to join in it, muſt come together with a determined reſolution to pleaſe, and to be pleaſed. If a man feels that an eaſt wind has rendered him dull and ſulky, he ſhould by all means ſtay at home till the wind changes, and not be troubleſome to his friends; for dulneſs is infectious, and one ſour face will make many, as one chearful countenance is ſoon productive of others. If two gentlemen deſire to quarrel, it ſhould not be done in a company met to enjoy the pleaſures of converſation. Let a ſtage be erected for the purpoſe, in a proper place, to which the juriſdiction of the Middleſex magiſtrates doth not reach. There let Martin and Mendoza mount, accompanied by Ben and Johnſon, and attended by the *Amateurs*, who delight to behold blows neatly laid in, ribs and jaw-bones elegantly broken, and eyes ſealed up with delicacy and addreſs. It is obvious, for theſe reaſons, that he who is about to form a converſation-party, ſhould be careful to invite men of congenial minds, and of ſimilar ideas reſpecting the entertainment of which they are to partake, and to which they muſt contribute.

With

With gloomy perſons, gloomy topics likewiſe ſhould be (as indeed they will be) excluded, ſuch as ill health, bad weather, bad news, or forebodings of ſuch, &c. &c. To preſerve the temper calm and pleaſant, it is of unſpeakable importance, that we always accuſtom ourſelves through life to make the beſt of things, to view them on their bright ſide, and ſo repreſent them to others, for our mutual comfort and encouragement. Few things, (eſpecially if, as chriſtians, we take the other world into the account) but have a bright ſide: diligence and practice will eaſily find it. Perhaps there is no circumſtance better calculated than this, to render converſation equally pleaſing and profitable.

In the conduct of it, be not eager to interrupt others, or uneaſy at being yourſelf interrupted; ſince you ſpeak either to amuſe or inſtruct the company, or to receive thoſe benefits from it. Give all, therefore, leave to ſpeak in turn. Hear with patience, and anſwer with preciſion. Inattention is ill manners; it ſhews contempt; and contempt is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not love to be troubled with thoſe of others. Yours are as little to them, as theirs are to you. You will need no other rule, whereby to judge of this matter.

Contrive

Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each perſon may have an opportunity of diſcourſing on the ſubject, with which he is beſt acquainted. He will be pleaſed, and you will be informed. By obſerving this rule, every one has it in his power to aſſiſt in rendering converſation agreeable: ſince, though he may not chuſe, or be qualified to ſay much himſelf, he can propoſe queſtions to thoſe who are able to anſwer them.

Avoid ſtories, unleſs ſhort, pointed, and quite a-propos. He who deals in them, ſays Swift, muſt either have a very large ſtock, or a good memory, or muſt often change his company. Some have a ſet of them ſtrung together like onions: they take poſſeſſion of the converſation, by an early introduction of one; and then you muſt have the whole *rope*, and there is an end of every thing elſe, perhaps for that meeting, though you may have heard all twenty times before.

Talk *often*, but not *long*. The talent of haranguing in private company, is inſupportable. Senators and Barriſters are apt to be guilty of this fault; and Members who never harangue in the houſe, will often do it out of the houſe. If the majority of the company be naturally ſilent, or cautious, the converſation will flag, unleſs it be often renewed by one among them, who can ſtart new ſubjects. Forbear, however, if poſſible, to broach a ſecond, before the firſt

is

is out, leſt your ſtock ſhould not laſt, and you ſhould be obliged to go back to the old barrel. There are thoſe who will repeatedly croſs upon, and break into the converſation, with a freſh topic, till they have touched upon all, and exhauſted none. Oeconomy here is neceſſary for moſt people.

Laugh not at your own wit and humour: leave that to the company.

When the converſation is flowing in a ſerious and uſeful channel, never interrupt it by an ill-timed jeſt. The ſtream is ſcattered, and cannot be again collected.

Diſcourſe not in a whiſper, or half voice, to your next neighbour. It is ill breeding, and in ſome degree a fraud; converſation-ſtock being, as one has well obſerved, a joint and common property.

In reflections on abſent people, go no farther than you would go, if they were preſent. "I reſolve, ſays Biſhop Beveridge, never to ſpeak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule! the obſervation of which would, at one ſtroke, baniſh flattery and defamation from the earth.

Converſation is affected by circumſtances, which, at firſt ſight, may appear trifling, but really are not ſo. Some, who continue dumb, while ſeated, become at once loquacious when they are (as the ſenatorial phraſe is) *upon their legs*. Others, whoſe powers languiſh in a cloſe

room, recover themſelves on putting their heads into freſh air, as a ſhrovetide cock does, when his head is put into freſh earth. A turn or two in the garden makes them good company. There is a magic ſometimes in a large circle, which faſcinates thoſe who compoſe it into ſilence; and nothing can be *ſaid*, till the introduction of a card-table breaks up the ſpell, and releaſes the valiant knights and fair damſels from captivity. A table indeed, of any kind, conſidered as a centre of union, is of eminent ſervice to converſation at all times; and never do we more ſenſibly feel the truth of that old philoſophical axiom, that nature *abhors a vacuum*, than upon its removal. I have been told, that even in the *blue-ſtocking* ſociety, formed ſolely for the purpoſe of converſation, it was found, after repeated trials, impoſſible to *get on*, without *one* card-table. In that ſame venerable ſociety, when the company is too widely extended to engage in the ſame converſation, a cuſtom is ſaid to prevail—and a very excellent one it is—that every gentleman, upon his entrance, ſelects his partner, as he would do at a ball; and when the converſation-dance is *gone down*, the company change partners and begin afreſh. Whether theſe things be ſo, or not, moſt certain it is, that the lady or the gentleman deſerves well of the ſociety, who can deviſe any method, whereby ſo valuable an amuſement can be heightened and improved. Z.

No. 8.——SATURDAY, *May* 5, 1787.

Cui dicas ſæpe videto.

THERE are many perſons in the world, whoſe wit and whoſe judgment, like two parallel lines, never meet; who are ſtill neither deficient in wit, nor deſtitute of judgment. An improper uſe of the former, or a temporary abſence of the latter, uſually renders both ineffectual.

To what purpoſe is judgment employed in making proper obſervations, and forming proper opinions; or wit called forth to illuſtrate thoſe obſervations, or diſplay thoſe opinions in all the ornaments of well turned language, or elegant alluſion; if they are, perchance, exhibited before an audience, prejudiced againſt the ſpeaker, unwilling to attend to him, or incapable of underſtanding him? In ſuch a caſe the judgment muſt have been lulled to ſleep, and the wit thrown away.

To my reflections upon this ſubject I was led by a circumſtance which not long ago happened to myſelf. An ingenious friend, with whom I was converſing, addreſſed to me ſome ſtrictures upon a periodical publication, which, he obſerved, was then carrying on in Oxford, called

the *Olla Podrida.* After expatiating for ſome time in general terms upon the ſmall probability of ſucceſs attendant on ſuch a plan, owing to the political diſtraction of the nation, the exhauſted ſtate of materials neceſſary for ſuch a work, and in ſhort the general decay of readers and writers; he deſcended to be more particular in his criticiſms; he could not help obſerving, that the characteriſtic of the firſt number was an affectation of modeſty, and of the ſecond an affectation of learning. Why elſe, added he, was not the full tranſlation of each paſſage in Homer admitted from Mr. Pope? He then concluded his critique with ſome happy ſarcaſms upon Monſieur l'Auteur, at which he laughed violently, and I accompanied him as well as I could. I avoided entering into a minute defence of the gentleman at whoſe expence we had been ſo agreeably entertained, leſt I ſhould diſcover myſelf to be too much intereſted in his behalf; but was content to obſerve that it might be more difficult to write an introductory paper than we were aware of, and with regard to the admiſſion of Mr. Pope's tranſlation of each paſſage, that the paper appeared ſo full, as neceſſarily to exclude either that or the original.

Beſides, added he, (recovering himſelf from the convulſion of merriment, into which his own friendly ideas had betrayed him,) upon ſuch a ſubject as the Iliad or Odyſſey, who cares what

what the Adventurer has ſaid, or what the Olla Podrída has to ſay. Every body knows that each is a model of different excellence, that the former is a work of genius in the full and vigorous exertions of its powers, and the latter bears evident marks of the poet's having arrived at a maturity of judgment, though, at the ſame time, he diſcovers the decay of age. I acquieſced more with ſilence than ſatisfaction in what I heard my friend advance. Had he known me for the author, while his conſcientious adherence to truth might have extorted the ſame opinions from him, he would have been prevented from triumphing in the inſolence of wit. This tribute he would have paid to delicacy. When he reads the eighth number of the Olla Podrída, he will probably agree in opinion with me, that thoſe thoughts have been conceived in an unlucky moment, which are expreſſed in an improper one. He will likewiſe be reminded, that people are inclined to entertain little opinion of that judgment which controverts their own ſentiments, and little reliſh for that wit by which themſelves become ridiculous.

I ſhall ſolace myſelf with the aſſurance Mr. Addiſon has given us, "That there is, and ever will be, juſtice enough in the world to afford patronage and protection for thoſe who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without any

regard to the paſſions and prejudices of any particular cauſe and faction." *

But leſt I ſhould ſeem to dwell too long upon a ſubject neither intereſting nor entertaining to my readers, I ſhall ſubjoin the following letter:

To the COOK of the OLLA PODRIDA.

Xanthe retro propera.

OVID.

Mr. TARATALLA, *or whatever your Name is,*

THERE is at preſent, in this iſland of Great Britain, ſo much hurry, buſtle, and confuſion, that nothing is in its proper place. O'Kelly has been taken in, the Bath butcher has been beaten, and no progreſs is made toward finding out the longitude. We are in the ſame ſtate in which Rome was during the Catalinarian conſpiracy; no man knows on whom he may depend; honeſt men are afraid of each other; and thieves are betrayed by their aſſociates. The honourable fraternity of Black-legs cannot follow their calling, becauſe the management of the Faro-table is in the hands of nobility. The women of faſhion are at my Lord

* Spectator, No. 445.

Mayor's

Mayor's dinner; Royalty is gone to a Barnet Boxing-match; and the Parſon of the pariſh lives an hundred miles from his flock, becauſe his preferment is a ſinecure.

Not three days ago, I met my ſhoe-maker airing himſelf and his houſhold, between Hampſtead and Kentiſh town, in a job-coach, all duſt, and ſweat, and belly. The gentility of this notable tradeſman's equipage induced me to make ſome enquiry into the ſtate of his buſineſs and circumſtances. He was candid enough to inform me, (for that was his phraſe, "I will candidly inform you") that conſtant attention for years to his ſhop, had enabled him to go *thus a pleaſureing* every Saturday. And, thank God, he had been able to educate his family genteelly; two daughters were then at the boarding ſchool at Old Brentford, and two ſons at the Latin college at Knightſbridge. This honourable ſhoe-maker's trade, being left to his journeymen, is, like the Parſon's, a ſinecure: And he would willingly, no doubt, take the hopes of his family from the college, if he could be ſo fortunate as to procure him a ſinecure place in the cuſtoms; nor would it be improper, or unentertaining, to ſee Mrs. Laſt accommodated with the Rangerſhip of ſome foreſt. A genteel ſinecure, like religion, charity, matrimony, honeſty, and benevolence, which are become all, all ſinecures!

Mr. Laſt, and his family, are neither particular in the end they have in view, nor in the means they uſe to acquire that end. Yet let them remember, that though the trouble of their ſhop may be carried on by proxy, and their buſineſs by thoſe means become a ſinecure, they will find ruin not to be the ſinecure they willingly aim at, and they cannot die by proxy; the former of which muſt as inevitably be the portion of the tradeſman above his buſineſs, as the latter muſt of all mankind.

The prevalent faſhion ſeems to be, for every one to ſhine conſpicuouſly, where no one expects to ſee him. If this total derangement of the order of things continues to ſpread through all ranks of people, we ſhall perhaps ſee the ſpirit of a Chevalier D'Eon, or the Bruiſer Ben, diffuſed among our fair countrywomen, or the Bench of Biſhops huzzaing a ham-ſtrung Ox from Cripple-gate to Fleet-market.

If you call at your coachmaker's in a morning, he is trying a pair of horſes for his own chariot; if in an evening, you cannot ſee him, for he is at the Opera: your hair-dreſſer refuſes to ſhave you, for he is a *ploco coſmiſt*, and not a barber: the barber ſends his boy to do it, obliged himſelf to attend one of the company's dinners. A waiter will not buckle on your ſpurs, becauſe it is the office of Mr. Boots, who calls his deputy; and your gentleman's gentleman,

gentleman, inſtead of pimping for his maſter, is intriguing for himſelf.—If we go on at this rate, who the Devil is to do the buſineſs of the world? Who will cry the peas and beans about the ſtreets this ſpring? Who will ſell oranges at the Abbey? Who will ſweep the ſtage, ſnuff the candles, ſhift the ſcenes, make thunder and lightning, play Scrub, or dance a horn-pipe? All which things are ſo neceſſary to the welfare of mankind, that without them life is a joke, and this world a vale of tears.

Ten years hence, I ſhall not be ſurprized to find this nation ſo thoroughly poſſeſſed by the reſolution to be all Gentlemen, that Houſe-breakers will be pardoned at the gallows, upon condition of their ſubmitting to become Ped-lars, Brewers, Conveyancers, or Lord Chief Juſtices for the reſt of their lives: while the man who is to be tranſported, may perhaps be tempted to exchange his infamy for the drudg-ery of a foreign Biſhopric. Many an induſtri-ous Handicraftſman, who has been condemned to the floating Academy at Woolwich for life, will be diſmiſſed on pain of ſitting nine years at the Helm of Great Britain, giving proper ſecu-rity for his good behaviour. Nor will the place of Maſter of the Ceremonies at Court be un-profitably filled by ſome well-bred Lawyer from the pillory.

Of trade and profeſſion we ſhall be thus radi-cally cured. No man can then call another

Apothecary! No Common-council-man's heart will burst with spleen at the grandeur of a Lord Mayor's Shew. No Wine-merchant need be at the trouble of committing adultery with a cargo from Portugal. No Epitaph-writers will be constrained to pun on the death of the Cobler. No Taylor will be troubled to turn the Author's Breeches. Veniet felicius ævum, *the happier day will come* when we shall be all on a level. Every Man his own Coachman, his own Tobacconist, his own Gentleman, his own Man-midwife, and as I know who would say, his own washerwoman.

I am, Mr. TARATALLA, yours, &c.

SNUB.

Thank ye, Mr. Snub. And if I must have a name, why not Taratalla?

Dicetur quare non Taratalla?

MARTIAL.

Yet I cannot but recollect, with some apprehensions for myself, the fate of my namesake in Homer:

Μιστυλλον τ' αρὰ τ' αλλα καὶ αμφ' ὀβελοισιν επειραν.

They *cut up* Taratalla, and *roasted* him.

No. 9.

No. 9.——SATURDAY, *May* 12, 1787.

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.

VIRGIL.

AMONG the grievances of modern days, much complained of, but with little hope of redreſs, is the matter of receiving and paying *Viſits*, the number of which, it is generally agreed, "has been increaſing, is increaſed, and ought to be diminiſhed." You meet frequently with people, who will tell you, they are worn to death by viſiting; and that what with morning viſits, and afternoon viſits, dining viſits, and ſupping viſits, tea-drinking viſits, and card-playing viſits, excluſive of balls and concerts, for their parts, they have not an hour to themſelves in the four and twenty.—But they muſt go home and dreſs, or they ſhall be too late for their viſit.

Nor is this complaint by any means peculiar to the times in which we *have the honour to live*. Cowley was out of all patience on the ſubject above an hundred years ago. "If we engage, ſays he, in a large acquaintance, and various familiarities, we ſet open our gates to

to the invaders of moſt of our time: we expoſe our life to a *quotidian ague* of *frigid impertinences*, which would make a wiſe man tremble to think of."

But as Cowley was apt to be a little out of humour between whiles, let us hear the honourable, pious, and ſweet-tempered Mr. Boyle, who, among the troubles of life, enumerates as one, "the buſineſs of receiving ſenſeleſs viſits, whoſe continuance, if otherwiſe unavoidable, is capable, in my opinion, to juſtify the retiredneſs of a hermit."

Biſhop Jeremy Taylor is clear, that "men will find it impoſſible to do any thing greatly good, unleſs they cut off all ſuperfluous company, and viſits."

If we conſult the ladies (as indeed we ought to do upon all occaſions) we find it recorded by Ballard of the very learned and excellent Mrs. Aſtell, that "when ſhe ſaw needleſs viſitors coming, whom ſhe knew to be incapable of converſing on any uſeful ſubject, but coming merely for the ſake of *chat* and *tattle*, ſhe would look out of the window, and jeſtingly tell them (as Cato did Naſica) *Mrs. Aſtell is not at home*; and in good earneſt kept them out, not ſuffering ſuch trifflers to make inroads upon her more ſerious hours."

And now what ſhall we ſay to theſe things? For after all, nothing can be more certain, than,

than, whatever learned or unlearned folk may pretend to the contrary, viſit we muſt, or the world will be at an end; we may as well go, ſupercargoes to Botany-bay at once.

Diſtinction is the parent of perſpicuity. Suppoſe, therefore, we take in order the different ſorts of viſits above-mentioned, and conſider them (as a worthy and valuable author phraſes it) "with their roots, reaſons, and reſpects."

And firſt of the firſt, namely, morning viſits. It is evident, that as things are now regulated amongſt us, all viſits of buſineſs muſt be made at this ſeaſon; for we dine late for this very purpoſe; and no *Gentleman* does any thing after dinner, but — drink. In the days of our forefathers, under Elizabeth and her ſucceſſor James, it was otherwiſe; for Biſhop Andrews, we are told, entertained hopes of a perſon who had been guilty of many faults and follies, till one day, the young man happened unfortunately to call in a *morning*. Then the good biſhop gave him up.

Mrs. Aſtell herſelf would not have diſdained to take her ſhare in a little *chat* and *tattle*, over the tea-table. They may be ſtiled correlatives, and go together as naturally as ham and chickens.

If it be aſked, what number of friends it is expedient to collect, in order to make a viſit com-

comfortable, I muſt confeſs myſelf unable to anſwer the queſtion, ſo diverſe are the opinions and cuſtoms that have prevailed in different ages and countries. Among ourſelves, at preſent, if one were to lay down a general rule, it ſhould be done, perhaps, in theſe words—*The more the merrier.*

Some years ago, theſe multitudinous meetings were known by the various names of aſſemblies, routs, drums, tempeſts, hurricanes, and earthquakes. If you made a morning viſit to a lady, ſhe would tell you very gravely, what a divine rout, a ſweet hurricane, or a charming earthquake, ſhe had been at, the night before.

To have diſcuſſed all theſe ſubdiviſions of viſits, and diſtinguiſhed properly the nature of each, as conſidered in itſelf, would have been an arduous taſk, from which I find myſelf happily relieved by the modern very judicious adoption of the term PARTY, which is what the logicians ſtyle an *univerſal*, and includes every thing of the kind.

A company of twelve at dinner, with a reinforcement of eighteen at tea and cards, may, I believe, be called a *ſmall* party, which a lady may attend, without any aſſiſtance from the hair-dreſſer.

There is one maxim never to be departed from; namely, that the ſmallneſs of the houſe

is no objection to the largeneſs of the party. The reaſon is, that, as theſe meetings are chiefly holden in the winter, the company may keep one another warm.

But this will not in every inſtance be the caſe, after all the care and pains upon earth. For, when the other apartments were full, I have known four perſons ſhut into a cloſet at Chriſtmas, without fire or candle, playing a rubber by the light of a ſepulchral lamp, ſuſpended from the ceiling.

At another time, the butler, opening a cupboard, to take out the apparatus for the lemonade, with the nice decanters, to prevent miſchief, in caſe of weak ſtomachs, found two little miſſes, whom the lady of the houſe, ever anxious to promote the happineſs of all her friends, had ſqueezed and pinioned in there, to form a ſnug party at cribbage.

An accident happened, laſt winter, at one of theſe amicable aſſociations, from a contrary cauſe, where the fluids in the human frame had ſuffered too great a degree of rarefaction. A gentleman, making a precipitate retreat, on finding himſelf inflated like a balloon, with a large doſe of gas, or burnt air in him, tumbled over a card table, which (that no room might be loſt) had been ſet upon a landing-place of the ſtairs. The *party*, with all the implement of trade, tables, cards, candles and counters,

counters, and the unfortunate perſon who had brought on the caſtrophe, rolled down together. No farther miſchief, however, was done; and two gentlemen of the party, as I have been well informed, found time to make a bet for the *odd trick*, before they got to the bottom.

But theſe are trifling circumſtances, and no more than may be expected to fall to the lot of humanity. I do not mention them, I am ſure, as conſtituting any objection to a PARTY, or as affording any reaſon why *one* ſhould deprive *one*'s-ſelf of the pleaſure *one* always has in *ſeeing one's friend's about one*.

Z.

After the remarks of my kind and ingenious correſpondent, Z. the lucubrations of Taratalla will, I fear, afford little entertainment; however,

Edita ne brevibus pereat mea charta libellis,
Dicatur potius τοι δ' απαμιθμενος.

Rather than leave my page half-filled, I'd ſcrawl,
"A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall," &c.

All periodical writers are by their profeſſion and place, cenſors of the public manners; and

and that their office may be diſcharged with fidelity and ſkill; they ſhould poſſeſs a certain degree of that virtù and connoiſſeurſhip which pervades all things from the tying of a cravat to the demonſtration of the pons aſininus. They claim a right to be believed in every thing they may advance; to be admired for that ingenuity which they undoubtedly poſſeſs, and to be patronized and encouraged by the diſcerning *many*.—Should they ſometimes relate adventures they may have met with in a ſtage-coach, in the lobby of a play-houſe, or among the triflers of the drawing-room, their readers are bound in honour to believe that they have not all their life long been actuated by that high-minded ſpirit which uſually excites authors to mount the top of a coach, to ſoar into the twelve-penny gallery, and to leave the ſplendour of the drawing-room to "low ambition, and the pride of kings."

Unfortunately for myſelf, and my readers, I do not unite in my own perſon all thoſe qualifications which ſhould adorn a profeſſor of painting, dancing, muſic, electricity, horſemanſhip, and half a ſcore more things of the ſame nature, all of which, in the courſe of my buſineſs, I ſhall be expected to deal out to my cuſtomers. In order to ſupply thoſe deficiencies in myſelf, which I ſincerely lament, I have ſettled a regular correſpondence with ſome honeſt gentlemen of the quill, of great credit

and

and great ſtock in trade, from whoſe kind aſſiſtance I hope to give univerſal ſatisfaction. When I firſt hinted my propoſal to the literati, mentioning the terms upon which I purpoſed employing any two or three hands, who might be out of work, I received, among others, the following anſwer to my advertiſement.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

SIR,

I am an excellent ſcholar, a man of great abilities, extenſive knowledge, and of infinite wit and humour. I have written twelve eſſays, which will do very great honour to, and very much encreaſe the reputation of your work, all which I will let you have for half a Guinea, and will throw you half a ſcore epigrams into the bargain. I would have waited upon you myſelf with them, but, Sir, my ſhirt is waſhing, and my coat gone to be mended.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

JOHN SCRIBE.

I haſtened to Mr. Scribe's Lodgings, at Paddington.—I ſhall not here give a very minute deſcription of the different modes of ſalutation with which two authors come together, leſt ſome of my readers, who are diſpoſed to turn the

the graveſt things into ridicule, ſhould be inclined to laugh, particularly as my friend before obſerved, that his ſhirt was with his laundreſs and his coat with the taylor. Suffice it therefore to ſay, that after a mutual interchange of compliments, he celebrating my liberality, and I his talents, we proceeded to diſcuſs the buſineſs which had occaſioned our meeting. The engagement entered into between us, was ſoon concluded upon, and produced a confidential intimacy, which excited Mr. Scribe to favour me with ſome inſight into his own character, opinions, and adventures. But as in the ardour of a new-formed friendſhip I promiſed to give his complete life to the world, in two volumes octavo, price fourteen ſhillings, to be ſold by all the bookſellers in town and country, I will not anticipate the pleaſure my readers will have in the peruſal of my work, by mutilated and imperfect ſketches of that hiſtory, which will ſoon be preſented to them whole and uncorrupt.

Upon taking leave of my Paddington friend, as he followed me down ſtairs, he very obligingly offered his aſſiſtance in the framing of any advertiſements which might be neceſſary or conducive to the ſale of my work. He then ſhewed me, as ſpecimens of his talents in this ſpecies of writing, an eſſay on leather breeches, made upon mathematical principles, and a recommendation of the concave razor. Theſe,

he

he obſerved, were works of a lighter kind, and ſuch as he called επια παιδια, *or the amuſements of Paddington.* I thanked him, but declined the acceptance of his offer.

Upon my return home, I found three or four viſitants had called upon buſineſs ſimilar to Mr. Scribe's. Amongſt whom an Hibernian ſtay-maker, from the Borough, wiſhed to enliſt in my ſervice, and in teſtimony of his abilities had left a parcel of dreams of his own compoſing, which are uſhered in by complaints of his inability to ſleep. A French Marquis, to whom the air of Great-Britain had been recommended by his phyſicians, left word, that having nothing elſe to do, he had condeſcended during his reſidence in this iſland purely from his penchant for the ſcience, and pour paſſer le temps, to inſtruct the nobleſſe in dancing. This courſe of life, he very properly obſerved, gave him many opportunities of furniſhing me with intelligence from the beau monde, and accordingly my readers will frequently *ſee how things go on* from the authentic information of the Marquis.

No. 10.——SATURDAY, *May* 19, 1787.

☞ Of the following ESSAY, which came to me ſigned an UNDERGRADUATE, I cannot ſhew my Approbation more pointedly, than by giving it immediate inſertion.

Vivite felices, quibus eſt fortuna peracta
Jam ſua——.

VIRGIL.

IN expatiating upon the tranſient brevity of all ſublunary happineſs, moraliſts of every age and climate have ſhewn themſelves deſirous of indulging in the flights of their imaginations. Human life has been ſeverally compared to a race, to the gliding courſe of a river, to a moveable proceſſion, and to many other fleeting appearances, of which each part exiſts by the ceſſation or non-commencement of exiſtence in the reſt. It is upon the ſame principles that, by philoſophers of more abſtruſe ſpeculation, time from its ſucceſſive continuity has been demonſtrated never to be preſent. To make the proper uſe then of theſe demonſtrations, one might

might eaſily prove the abſurdity of repoſing our happineſs upon preſent time which has been allowed to have no exiſtence, and of attempting to build a real ſuperſtructure upon the imaginary baſis of anon-entity. But if our felicity cannot originate from ſenſation or the enjoyment of the preſent moment, it muſt of courſe be derived either from a *ſpeculative anticipation of futurity*, or a *ſoothing remembrance of pleaſures already enjoyed*. To contraſt then theſe two original ſources, ſhall be the ſubject of the following paper, that we may be enabled to diſcriminate which of the two is more deſirable, from the permanency of thoſe pleaſures it beſtows, and their independency of external ſupport.

In the contemplation of future life, our thoughts muſt of neceſſity be agitated by the moſt powerful paſſions inherent in our frame. Hope and Fear, which have always been found to have moſt influence upon human actions, are the paſſions which give a tincture of themſelves to all our views, whilſt we look forward into futurity. If the proſpect before us appear chearful and ſerene, Hope communicates to us a pleaſure as lively in the view of it, as Senſation could in the enjoyment; and though a diſappointment of our expectations may deprive us of this *imaginary* bliſs, and convince us of the error which we have been cheriſhing in our boſoms; yet it is that kind of error, (mentis gratiſſimus)

tiſſimus) from which it gives us *real* pain to be ſeparated. On the contrary, whatever good fortune may await us, if we have no reaſon to flatter ourſelves with the expectation of it, if, as far as human eye can penetrate, the proſpect before us appear a dark and dreary waſte, the fear of incumbent misfortunes renders our ſufferings more painful, than if we actually laboured under the evils which we only apprehended, and ſinks us in all the "miſery of fancied woe."

We ſee then, that in the anticipation of life we frequently make ourſelves miſerable by the apprehenſion of evils which we never experience; and that the pleaſures which are derived from Hope, though acute and brilliant, are neither permanent, nor independent of external ſupport. Their duration, indeed, muſt inevitably be deſtroyed by the revolution of Time, which brings with it the object that we have in view: and if our hopes then prove to have been ill grounded, the chagrin of fruſtrated expectations is a conſequence too obvious to need being mentioned; but if we are even fortunate enough to meet with a full completion of our wiſhes, it does not equally follow, that we ſhould enjoy the happineſs propoſed: perhaps after all we ſhall find a kind of diſappointment even in the gratification of our deſires, for appearances of Happineſs fill the eye with fancied grandeur at a diſtance, but contrary to

other

other objects of ſight, gradually diminiſh upon the nearneſs of our approach. But the idea of felicity being derived from Hope, will appear ſtill more groundleſs if we conſider the uncertainty which muſt neceſſarily attend it. When we rely upon events which are yet to come, we ſubmit ourſelves to the direction of an arbitrary and capricious Fortune; and ſhall, perhaps, to our misfortune experience, that the beſt concerted ſchemes, and moſt probable expectations are eaſily fruſtrated by innumerable caſualties, which it is not in our power to foreſee, nor if we foreſee, to prevent. It is not, however, requiſite to enlarge upon that moſt trite of all topics, the inſtability of human events; enough, I think, has been ſaid to prove, that whatever Bliſs we may propoſe to ourſelves in contemplating the bright appearances of our future life, and, "in Fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between," it cannot poſſibly be either permanent or ſelf-derived; which qualities, though they be not of themſelves able to form a compleat ſyſtem of Happineſs, are yet ſo far neceſſary, as to render any ſyſtem incompleat which is without them.

I ſhall now take a view of thoſe pleaſures which ariſe from a retroſpect of our paſt lives, and endeavour ſo to contraſt them with thoſe already conſidered, as may make them appear with additional Beauty from the compariſon.

It

It muſt, however, be allowed that, ſituated as we are in this world, ſubſervient to the ſmiles and frowns of Fortune, a ſerene tranquility is the higheſt happineſs we have reaſon to expect, and that that ſubtile pleaſure, which is purſued with ſo much avidity by the gay and the diſſipated, is a mere Phantom, without any other exiſtence than in the imaginations of its eager votaries. Hence the pleaſures which originate from a cool and diſpaſſionate uſe of our reaſon, muſt be more ſatisfactory than thoſe which we derive from the violent emotions of our moſt forcible Paſſions. But in no exerciſe can we employ our reaſoning faculty to greater advantage, than when we conjecture with ſuperior certainty upon future events, by well conſidering and reflecting upon thoſe which we have already experienced.

We have before ſeen that in our views of futurity, we are liable to be made miſerable by the dread of bad fortune, as well as happy by the ſanguine pre-occupation of good—Here then the pleaſures of reflection evidently prove themſelves ſuperior; for the review of paſt happineſs does not convey to us any higher ſatisfaction, than the remembrance of difficulties which we have ſurmounted. It is here at laſt, that freed from the ſhackles of Fortune, and every other external power, which may have before entangled us, like the induſtrious Bees that produce honey as well out of bitter Herbs

as ſweet, even out of the evils of life we extract the choiceſt and moſt refined bliſs. Indeed, in the midſt of our misfortunes we may be conſoled by the conſideration of being at ſome future period entertained with the thoughts of what now gives us pain; as Æneas is repreſented ſupporting his dejected companions by a ſimilar conſolation:

Forſan et hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.

VIRG.

And as this Bliſs is ſelf-derived and independent of any thing external, ſo it is alſo durable: for, as it is drawn from thoſe tranſactions which we are conſcious have already taken place, it is evident that nothing can put a period to its exiſtence but the annihilation of that conſciouſneſs and faculty of remembering whence it was originally derived. From this conſideration, it is plain, that a life of activity and exertion, is ſo much the more preferable to a life of indolence and repoſe, as it affords more room for the exerciſe of this faculty. Our happineſs, we have before ſeen, ariſes from the recollection of paſt pleaſures, proportionably chequered with the remembrance of hardſhips which we have ſurmounted. Now the engagements of Society ſo interſperſe an active life with the anxious viciſſitudes of Hope and Fear, that we muſt unavoidably meet with many difficulties unknown

in

in the ſtill path of Retirement, which, though diſagreeable when encountered, neverthèleſs convey a ſecret ſatisfaction to the mind in reflecting on them when ſubdued. The man, indeed, who ſecludes himſelf from the cares of the world, remains at the ſame time unrouſed by the pleaſing emotions which others enjoy; and in the decline of age, will look back upon the continued fameneſs of his paſt life with a liſtleſs indifference; for if in the ſunſhine of youth his happineſs glow with a warmth ſcarcely vital, how can the remembrance of it as faintly reflected by a lukewarm imagination cheer his drooping ſpirits in the winter of old age? In oppoſition to this languor of a life worn out in inaction, it may, perhaps, be needleſs to inſtance with what lively ſpirits the aged votaries of ambition or wealth indulge themſelves in eaſe after the toils of a long and laborious purſuit after their reſpective objects; with what pleaſure the Soldier dwells upon the narrative of his honourable though dangerous exploits; how the Sailor rejoices whilſt he recounts the Rocks and Tempeſts which he has ſo perilouſly ſurmounted.

———*Gaudent ut vertice raſo*
Garrula ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.

JUV.

But as all human happineſs muſt inevitably be alloyed by ſome mixture of evil, and as

the above view of the pleaſure of reflection may ſeem to imply a ſpecies of happineſs more perfect than is conſiſtent with our preſent ſtate, after having ſeen the joys which attend it, let us now examine into its concomitant evils; let us conſider whether the dabauchee, when the decay of his faculties prompts him to indulge in an indolent repoſe, looks back with ſolid ſatisfaction upon thoſe viciſſitudes of Pleaſure and Pain, the former of which he is conſcious of having purchaſed at the expence of his innocence, the latter having merited by his guilt; whether the remorſe ariſing from a conſciouſneſs of having violated every principle of juſtice and generoſity be compenſated to the Miſer, by conſidering with what labour he has amuſed his accumulated hoards: and, if upon this enquiry we find that the review of his paſt conduct ſerves rather to encreaſe than to alleviate his preſent pains, we ſhall be led to infer, that the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience is another requiſite towards compleating that happineſs which we have in view. He, who by his worldly wiſdom is enabled to withſtand the moſt violent attacks of fortune, if he poſſeſſes not this chearful companion within his breaſt, will ſtill be a ſtranger to any true peace or comfort; he will view even the ſmiles of Proſperity without ſatisfaction, and finding nought but a turbulent confuſion in his own boſom, will ſhrink back with horror from himſelf.

himſelf.—It appears then, that though many accidental circumſtances may contribute to heighten the beauties of this review, the eſſential requiſite is a mind conſcious of unerring rectitude; and, as this is entirely dependent upon ourſelves, that we have it in our power, by our own conduct, to provide for the decline of Age, when our natural infirmities require an additional conſolation, a never-failing ſource of true and placid enjoyment.

I have ſeen it ſomewhere recommended, that in order to enjoy the pleaſures of the imagination in our nightly dreams, we ſhould be able to reſt upon our pillow, and reflect coolly upon the tranſactions of the preceding day: In the ſame manner I ſhould recommend it to every one ſo to regulate his conduct through the active ſcenes of ſocial life, that he may lie down in the evening of old Age, and review them with unruffled ſatisfaction: and, as we have obſerved, that the happineſs derived from Hope though inferior to that of reflection, is not however trivial, I would alſo recommend him ſo to extract and mingle the joys of each, as to make the *ſoothing remembrance of paſt pleaſures*, a ſolid foundation for a *ſpeculative anticipation* of thoſe to come.

No. 11.——Saturday, *May* 26, 1787.

—Smiles from reaſon flow, to Brutes deny'd.
Milton.

It has been the buſineſs of Philoſophers in all ages to invent an oppoſite and characteriſtic term by which Man may be diſtinguiſhed from the brute creation in his excluſive right to ſome peculiar faculty. The deep penetration and vigorous reſearches of an illuſtrious Heathen have enabled him to inform us, that Man is an *animal bipes implume*, a two-legged animal without feathers. And Philoſophers of later ages have diſcovered, that he is a laughing animal, a rational animal, a tool-making animal, a cooking animal.

It is my preſent intention to conſider him as the laughing animal; and that faculty, though it ſhould reſolve itſelf into as many ſubdiviſions as a lecture upon heads, or branch forth into ramifications like a Welſh pedigree, I ſhall purſue through all its degrees, from the *riſus ſardonicus* of the ancients, to the *Tee Hee* of the modern drawing-room.

When I inſiſt upon the gravity of the ſubject I am about to handle, leſt I ſhould be accuſed of extravagance of opinion, I ſhall endeavour to,

to ſhew by a brief narrative of facts, that the conſequences which flow from the uſe and abuſe of this our diſtinguiſhing faculty, are of the moſt ſerious nature. I have ſeen a whole Battalion of Militia-men, as valorous and as red-coated as a Regiment of Guards, diſconcerted and put into confuſion in the midſt of their manœuvering and tobacco-chewing, from the broad-ſhouldered Serjeant of the Grenadier Company to the duck-legged Corporal of Recruits, by the horſe-laugh of a Bye-ſtander. I was once preſent *(credite dicenti)* in the pit at the Opera, during the repreſentation of Macbeth—On my right hand ſat an unthinking Engliſhman, who, forgetful that he was a ſpectator of a ſerious performance, burſt into a horſe-laugh, juſt at the time when Lady Macbeth and her caro ſpoſo were conjuring up all the horror that heads and heels were capable of exciting. Her Ladyſhip, conſcious that ſhe brandiſhed her dagger in tune, and that ſhe rubbed off the "damn'd ſpot" from her hand moſt harmoniouſly, without exhibiting to the audience any of that diſagreeabilità of countenance for which Mrs. Siddons has been condemned, was very highly as well as very juſtly enraged. The curtain fell, and the Signora declared ſhe would never appear again before an Engliſh audience. In vain did the diſtreſſed Manager repreſent to her, that the taſte, the judgment, the every thing of this unhappy

nation were infinitely beneath her notice; heaping at the ſame time upon poor John Bull, a profuſion of epithets, all ending in iſſimo. In vain was he preſſing in his ſolicitations, that ſhe ſhould give them, at leaſt, one more trial; ſhe ſtill perſiſted in her cruel threats, that ſhe would leave them, and return to her own country. At laſt, however, the kind interference of a noble frequenter of the Opera-houſe, produced a reconciliation. He could not but confeſs the headſtrong vulgarity, and unreaſonable prejudices of his countrymen, who conſidered every competition with their favourite poet as a burleſque and an inſult. Yet, he hoped, the ignorance and the inſolence of a few would not be a ſufficient reaſon for the puniſhment of the great body of cognoſcenti. He, moreover, ſpiritedly declared, that he would call any perſon to a ſevere account, who ſhould dare to laugh, when on the printed bills of the night was written, in large characters "*a ſerious Opera.*"

The reſentment of Signor Macabet himſelf was carried to a ſtill higher pitch. He who but the day before had been complimented with the Thaneſhip of Cawdor, becauſe he had ſtood a minute and an half longer, by the manager's watch, upon one leg, than any Macbeth or Artaxerxes who had ever appeared upon any ſtage, was actually found the next morning hanging in a pair of embroidered garters, with taſſels

taſſels of ſilver twiſt. The Signor made a vacancy in the Opera liſt, and his garters were entirely ſpoiled, having been ſo much ſtretched as to be unfit for the uſe of any future Macbeth, Rinaldo, Artaxerxes, or, in ſhort, any body with a decent leg.

This tragical afterpiece was entirely occaſioned by the Horſe-laugh, the uſe of which is ſometimes allowable, but the too frequent repetition of it I cannot but conſider as a diſeaſe.

This diſeaſe is very prevalent in the city, it is often found at the ſitting of the Quorum, and, in ſhort, at moſt places where the company meet *to be merry*; the ſymptoms attending it are violent convulſions, and a bloated habit.

This diſorder, among the men, I believe, to have originated from the falſe philoſophy of a few Smatterers in Science, who convinced, that as Man was diſtinguiſhed from the brutes by laughter, the more he laughed, the farther he was removed from the lower ſpecies. Yet they ſhould in their philoſophical reſearches have recollected, that *extremes meet*, and for that very reaſon this ſpecies of laughter, which being too much indulged, was conſidered as unbecoming *Mankind*, has been degraded by the *Horſe-laugh*. With the ladies, this complaint has a different origin. The Venus of the Greeks, from whom we derive all our no-

tions of the elegant and beautiful, when repreſented by the poets in her moſt bewitching attire, is called the φιλομειδης, a term expreſſive of that rational chearfulneſs of countenance, which comprehends all that is lovely in the female face. The poverty of our language has been obliged to tranſact this "the laughter-loving," and to that cauſe alone are owing all thoſe ſhrill yet violent ſallies of miſinterpreted Gaiety, which frighten our horſes in the park, give us the head-ach at old Drury, and worſe than all, diſtort the features of the faireſt women in the world.

Of Grinning, which I do not conſider as a ſpecies of laughter, I ſhall treat upon ſome future occaſion, and endeavour to deſcribe the different modifications of it, as it is at preſent practiſed by thoſe Profeſſors, who exerciſe their faculty through a horſe-collar at a country fair, by that uſeful animal in the Kitchen, the Turn-ſpit, and by the illuſtrious Aſſiſtant and Partner of Mr. Aſtley,——General Jackoo.

I ſhall proceed therefore to the *riſus in angulo* of the ladies, or giggle in the corner. This ſpecies of merriment has many different ends in view. It ſometimes hunts down a man of baſhfulneſs, ſometimes ridicules a hump-back, or a red noſe, and ſometimes becomes an aſſignation of gallantry. The two former of its qualities are patticularly called forth, when a

Bevy.

Bevy of Beauties, huddled up into one corner of a room, monopolize the wit of a whole company, and exerciſe all the cruel artillery of ſtolen glances, and half-ſtifled laughs, to the great diſquiet of any man who is not as ſerene amidſt difficulties as Fabricius was in the tent of King Pyrrhus.

That the giggle in the corner is ſometimes an aſſignation of Gallantry, my male readers, who have no authority upon which they can with more confidence rely, will find ſufficiently demonſtrated in Horace. My female readers are reminded of a manœuvre of this kind, by ſome lines in the firſt paſtoral of Mr. Pope:— He there makes a ſhepherd give the following account, which by the bye I think hardly fair:

Me, gentle Delia, beckons from the plain,
Then hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain,
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

The *Tee-Hee* is the gentle relaxation of the muſcular ſyſtem which proceeds from no inward impulſe, and is vulgarly though not improperly denoted the affected laugh. This is a term of great latitude, and comprehends the laugh of thoſe who are called by the Guardian,

dian,* the Chians, the Ionics, and the Megarics. The Tee-Hee is the tribute generally paid to any ſtory which is ſuppoſed to be a witty one, but not perfectly underſtood; it is the chorus of a ſcandalizing tea-table, the condeſcenſion of a great man, and the pride of a little one; the reſource of dulneſs and the ornament of a good ſet of teeth.

To diſcover the origin of this, I have toiled through all the chronological books I could think of, but to no purpoſe:—However, from the oral tradition of an old weather-wiſe gentleman, who is accuſtomed to note remarkable occurrences, I learn, that it came into this country with Lord Cheſterfield, upon his return from his travels. It was at firſt confined entirely to his Lordſhip's ſuite; it then diffuſed itſelf, by degrees, through St. James's and its environs; and laſt of all became the common property of thoſe who were diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of good company. Still, however, the practice of Tee-Heeing was far from general; citizens were unacquainted with it, for my Lady Mayoreſs had no routs; and though it once rode to Rumford with a gentleman out of livery, and was there dropped, yet, as no one underſtood it, no one thought proper to pick it up.—The happy improvement of our

* Number 29.

manners

manners has now made that ſcience univerſal, which for a long time was partial:—Good company, refinement, and Tee-Heeing, are now as common and as cheap as hack-parſons, or Welſh mutton;—we may dine with them at a ſhilling ordinary on Sundays; are over-run with them at a maſquerade; elbowed to death by them in the little hell in Newmarket; loſe our handkerchiefs to them in the lobby of the play-houſe; and get trampled under their feet at a bull-baiting in Moorfields.—About five weeks ago, I fell in with a Tee-Heeing Highwayman in Epping foreſt. He was too accompliſhed and too well mounted for me to think of keeping ſuch company long; and we parted, after I had depoſited with him five pennyworth of halfpence, a metal watch-chain, and an ode to the ſpring, which, after ſome trouble, I convinced him was as good as the Bank.

After all that can be ſaid on this ſubject, we may as well think of ſeparating wit from the firſt of April, or gooſe from Michaelmas-day, as that we can live at eaſe without laughter, "the chorus of converſation," and the union of ſocial intercourſe.

The raptures of poetic imagination have extended this faculty to every part of the creation in a ſtrain of metaphorical alluſion, adopted

adopted by all poets, in all ages and countries: in Milton we find,

——————all things *ſmil'd*
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

And in that higher ſpecies of poetry, it is ſaid of the vallies, they ſhall ſtand ſo thick with corn, that they ſhall *laugh* and ſing.

It is not then the thing itſelf of which we can complain, but the abuſe and miſmanagement of it. He is no object of imitation or envy, who can moroſely withhold his laughter, when he may indulge it, without incurring the charge of folly; nor is that man much to be eſteemed, who, with ignorance, affectation, arrogance, and ill-nature, uſurps the privilege of laughing upon all occaſions, without regard to ſituation, circumſtances, or decorum.

No. 12.——SATURDAY, *June* 2, 1787.

I MADE an entrance, in a former paper, on the important ſubject of *viſiting*, and diſtinguiſhed the different kinds of viſits now in vogue amongſt us, with their excellencies and defects.

It is hard, indeed, to gueſs at the *pleaſure* of aſſembling in very large parties. There is heat, hurry, and fatigue, to all who are concerned. The eſſence of the entertainment ſeems to conſiſt in a *crowd*, and none appear to be perfectly happy, while they can ſtir hand or foot. At leaſt, this is the caſe with the lady of the houſe, whoſe ſupreme felicity it is, to be kept *in equilibrio*, by an equilateral preſſure from all quarters. Fixed in her orb, like the ſun of the ſyſtem, ſhe diſpenſes the favour of her nods and ſmiles on thoſe bodies, which —I wiſh I could ſay—*move* around her; but that they cannot do.

But though pleaſure be not obtained, trouble perhaps, it may be ſaid, is ſaved, by receiving a multitude at once, inſtead of being ſubject to their perpetual incurſions in ſeparate bodies; and when the polite mob has been at my houſe, I am at reſt for ſome time.—True: but

but making your mob a decent and reſpectable one, you muſt do the ſame by them, and every evening will paſs in this *rondeau of delights*; a vortex, out of which none can emerge, and into which more and more are continually drawn, for fear of being left in ſolitude; as all who wiſh to viſit, will very ſoon be obliged to viſit after this method, or not at all. From the metropolis the faſhion has made its way into provincial towns, all the viſitable inhabitants of which will be aſſembled together at one houſe or other, through the winter; and this, though, perhaps, there is not a ſingle perſon among them, who does not diſlike and complain of the cuſtom, as abſurd and diſagreeable.

For the conduct of *theſe* viſits no directions can be laid down; but concerning others (while any ſuch ſhall remain) where a moderate company of neighbours meet to paſs a little time in converſation, ſome obſervations may be offered.

They are uſeful, and indeed neceſſary, to maintain a friendly and ſocial intercourſe, without which we are not in a capacity to give or receive help and aſſiſtance from each other.

They are uſeful to cheer and refreſh the ſpirits after buſineſs, and may render us fitter to return to it again.

They

They are uſeful, when they are made with a view of relieving and comforting ſuch as are afflicted and diſtreſſed; and that, not only in great and ſignal troubles, but the common cares and concerns of life; of adviſing, exhorting, and conſoling ſuch as, having weak and low ſpirits, are oppreſſed by anxiety and melancholy: of which in England the number always has been, and always will be, very conſiderable. Time is well employed in theſe and the like good offices, where a friend is the beſt phyſician. The very ſight of a cheerful friend is often like the ſun breaking forth in a cloudy day. A melancholy perſon is at leaſt as much the object of charity as a ſick one. The cheerful owe this duty to thoſe who are otherwiſe; and enjoy, themſelves, the moſt refined and exalted kind of pleaſure, when they find their endeavours to ſucceed.

Viſits are uſeful, when they become the means of acquiring or communicating uſeful knowledge, relative to the conduct of life, in concerns either perſonal or domeſtic; or, even when no ſuch knowledge is obtained, if by innocent mirth, pleaſant tales, &c. people are brought into good humour, and kept in it. No recreation is more truly ſerviceable and effectual than this: and it is ſaid of Archbiſhop Williams, that, "the greater the performance he was about to undertake, (whether a ſpeech, a ſermon,

a ſermon, or a debate,) the more liberty and recreation he firſt took, to quicken and open his ſpirits, and to clear his thoughts."

By viſiting, opportunities are offered of introducing occaſionally matters literary and religious, new publications, &c. For though, perhaps, this is not ſo often done as it might be, when people meet; yet it cannot be done at all, unleſs people do meet.

To render viſits lively and agreeable, where the company is ſmall, and it can be managed conveniently, the converſation ſhould be general. The ladies, by their ſprightlineſs, ſhould animate the gentlemen; and the gentlemen, by their learning, inform the ladies. Inſtead of this, the gentlemen too often lay their heads together, on one ſide of the room, and talk on ſubjects of literature or politics; leaving the ladies to ſettle the articles of caps and gowns, blonds and gauzes, on the other; which is hardly fair, eſpecially in theſe days, when ſo many of their ſex are qualified to join in a converſation on more important topics.

The end of a viſit is fruſtrated, if it be made too long; as when the ſame company ſit together from three in the afternoon till twelve at night, or nine hours; for then, that which was deſigned for a recreation, becomes itſelf a burden, unleſs there be ſome particular buſineſs or amuſement in hand.

Live

Live not in a perpetual round and hurry of viſiting. You will neglect your affairs at home; you will by degrees contract a diſlike to home, and a dread of being alone; than which nothing can be more wretched and pernicious. You will acquire a habit of being idle, of goſſiping, dealing in ſlander, ſcandal, &c. and of inducing others to do the ſame.

In a ſmall party, as alſo in a ſingle family, the work-baſket and book agree well together. While the ladies work, let one perſon read diſtinctly and deliberately, making proper pauſes for remarks and obſervations; theſe will furniſh converſation for a while: when it begins to flag, let the reader go on, till freſh matter ſupply freſh converſation. A winter-evening paſſes pleaſantly in this manner; and a general wiſh will be expreſſed, that it had been longer. The mind becomes ſtored with knowledge, and the tongue accuſtomed to ſpeak upon profitable ſubjects.

Rouſſeau aſſerts, that every perſon in company ſhould have *ſomething to do*. I ſee not how this can well be contrived; but his reaſon is curious, and deſerves conſiderations. "In my opinion, ſays he, idleneſs is no leſs the peſt of *ſociety*, than of ſolitude. Nothing contracts the mind, nothing engenders trifles, tales, backbiting, ſlander and falſities ſo much as being ſhut up in a room, oppoſite each other, and

and reduced to no other occupation than the neceſſity of continual *chattering*. When all are employed, they *ſpeak* only when they have ſomething to *ſay*; but if you are doing nothing, you muſt abſolutely talk inceſſantly, which of all conſtraints is the moſt troubleſome, and the moſt dangerous. I dare go even farther, and maintain, that to render a circle truly agreeable, every one muſt be not only doing ſomething, but ſomething which requires a little attention."

Should this plan of Rouſſeau be favourably received, and a notion be entertained of carrying it into execution, the chief difficulty will be to provide proper employment for the *gentlemen*. My readers will turn the matter in their minds. The only caſe in point, which I can recollect of at preſent, is that of a friend, who, when young, amuſed himſelf with making partridge-nets. On a viſit, he would take his *work* out of the *bag*, hitch one end of the net upon a ſconce, and proceed to buſineſs. His example militates powerfully in favour of the plan; for his converſation, while ſo employed, was remarkably free and eaſy.

Under the above regulations we can never be the worſe, and, if we keep tolerable company, ſhall generally be the better, for a viſit. Something muſt occur, which is worth remembering, and noting down. A reflection at the

end

end of a visit will soon shew, whether it comes properly under the denomination of those condemned by casuists, as *useless and impertinent*; since that is *useless*, which tends to no good purpose; and that is *impertinent*, which claims your time and attention, and gives nothing in return.

No. 13.——SATURDAY, *June* 9, 1787.

WHEN a friend told Johnſon that he was much blamed for having unveiled the weakneſs of Pope, "Sir," ſaid he, "if one man undertake to write the life of another, he undertakes to exhibit his true and real character: but this can be done only by a faithful and accurate delineation of the particulars, which diſcriminate that character."

The biographers of this great man ſeem cautiouſly to have followed the rule thus laid down by him, and have fairly communicated all they knew, whether to his advantage, or otherwiſe. Much concern, diſquietude, and offence, have been occaſioned by this their conduct, in the minds of many, who apprehend, that the cauſe in which he ſtood forth, will ſuffer by the infirmities of the advocate being thus expoſed to the prying and malignant eye of the world.

But did theſe perſons then ever ſuppoſe, or did they imagine that the world ever ſuppoſed, Dr. Johnſon to have been a perfect character? Alas, no: we all know how that matter ſtands if we ever look into our own hearts, and duly watch

watch the current of our own thoughts, words and actions. Johnſon was honeſt, and kept a faithful diary of theſe, which is before the public. Let any man do the ſame for a fortnight, and publiſh it: and if, after that, he ſhall find himſelf ſo diſpoſed, let him "caſt a ſtone." At that hour, when the failings of all ſhall be made manifeſt, the attention of each individual will be confined to his own.

It is not merely the name of Johnſon that is to do ſervice to any cauſe. It is his genius, his learning, his good ſenſe, the ſtrength of his reaſonings, and the happineſs of his illuſtrations. Theſe are preciſely what they were; once good, and always good. His arguments in favour of ſelf-denial do not loſe their force, *becauſe he faſted*; nor thoſe in favour of devotion, *becauſe he ſaid his prayers.* Grant his *failings* were, if poſſible, ſtill greater than theſe: Will a man refuſe to be guided by the ſound opinion of a counſel, or reſiſt the ſalutary preſcription of a phyſician, becauſe they who give them are not without their faults? A man may do ſo; but he will never be accounted a wiſe man for doing it.

Johnſon, it is ſaid, was ſuperſtitious. But who ſhall exactly aſcertain to us, what ſuperſtition is? The Romaniſt is charged with it by the Church-of-England-man; the Churchman by the Preſbyterian; the Preſbyterian by the Independent; all by the Deiſt; and the Deiſt by

by the Atheiſt. With ſome it is ſuperſtition to pray; with others, to receive the ſacrament; with others, to believe in revelation; with others, to believe in God. In ſome minds it ſprings from the moſt amiable diſpoſition in the world —"A pious awe, and fear to have offended," a wiſh rather to do too much, than too little. Such a diſpoſition one loves and wiſhes always to find in a friend; and it cannot be diſagreeable in the ſight of him who made us. It argues a ſenſibility of heart, a tenderneſs of conſcience, and the fear of God. Let him, who finds it not in himſelf, beware leſt, in flying from ſuperſtition he fall into irreligion and prophaneneſs.

That perſons of eminent talents and attainments in literature have been often complained of as—dogmatical, boiſterous, and inattentive to the rules of good breeding, is well known. But let us not expect every thing from every man. There was no occaſion that Johnſon ſhould teach us to dance, to make bows, or turn compliments. He could teach us better things. To reject wiſdom becauſe the perſon of him who communicates it is uncouth, and manners are inelegant—what is it, but to throw away a pine-apple, and to aſſign for a reaſon the roughneſs of its coat? Who quarrels with a botaniſt, for not being an aſtronomer; or with a moraliſt, for not being a mathematician?

cian? As it is ſaid in concerns of a much lighter nature, "every man hath his gift, one after this manner, and another after that." It is our buſineſs to profit by all, and to learn of each that in which each is beſt qualified to inſtruct us.

That Johnſon was generous and charitable, none can deny. But he was not always judicious in the ſelection of his objects. Diſtreſs was a ſufficient recommendation, and he did not ſcrutinize into the failings of the diſtreſſed. May it be always my lot to have ſuch a benefactor! Some are ſo nice in a ſcrutiny of this kind, that they can never find any proper objects of their benevolence, and are neceſſitated to ſave their money. It ſhould doubtleſs be diſtributed in the beſt manner we are able to diſtribute it; but what would become of us all, if he, on whoſe bounty all depend, ſhould be "extreme to mark that which is done amiſs?"

It is hard to judge any man, without a due conſideration of all circumſtances. Here were ſtupendous abilities, and ſuitable attainments; but then here were hereditary diſorders of body and mind reciprocally aggravating each other; a ſcrophulous frame, and a melancholy temper; here was a life, the greater part of which paſſed in making proviſion for the day, under the preſſure of poverty and ſickneſs, ſorrow, and anguiſh. So far to gain the aſcendant over

theſe, as to do what Johnſon did, required very great ſtrength of mind. Who can ſay, that in a like ſituation, he ſhould long have poſſeſſed, or been able to exert it?

From the mixture of power and weakneſs in the compoſition of this wonderful man, the ſcholar ſhould learn humility. It was deſigned to correct that pride which great parts and great learning are apt to produce in their poſſeſſor. In him it had the deſired effect. For though conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority might ſometimes induce him to carry it high with man (and even this was much abated in the latter part of life) his devotions have ſhewn to the whole world, how humbly he walked at all times with his God.

His example may likewiſe encourage thoſe of timid and gloomy diſpoſitions not to deſpond, when they reflect, that the vigour of ſuch an intellect could not preſerve its poſſeſſor from the depredations of melancholy. They will ceaſe to be ſurprized and alarmed at the degree of their own ſufferings: they will reſolve to bear, with patience and reſignation, the malady to which they find a Johnſon ſubject, as well as themſelves: and if they want words, in which to aſk relief from him who alone can give it, the God of mercy, and father of all comfort, language affords no finer than thoſe, in which his prayers are conceived. Child of ſorrow, whoever thou art, uſe them, and

and be thankful that the man exiſted, by whoſe means thou haſt them to uſe.

His eminence and his fame muſt of courſe have excited envy and malice: but let envy and malice look at his infirmities and his charities, and they will quickly melt into pity and love.

That he ſhould not be conſcious of the abilities with which Providence had bleſſed him, was impoſſible. He felt his own powers; he felt what he was capable of having performed; and he ſaw how little, comparatively ſpeaking, he had performed. Hence his apprehenſions on the near proſpect of the account to be made, viewed through the medium of conſtitutional and morbid melancholy, which often excluded from his ſight the bright beams of divine mercy. May thoſe beams ever ſhine upon us! But let them not cauſe us to forget, that talents have been beſtowed, of which an account muſt be rendered; and that the fate of the "unprofitable ſervant" may juſtly beget apprehenſions in the ſtouteſt mind. The indolent man, who is without ſuch apprehenſions, has never yet conſidered the ſubject as he ought. For one perſon who fears death too much, there are a thouſand who do not fear it enough, nor have thought in earneſt about it. Let us only put in practice the duty of ſelf-examination; let us enquire into the ſucceſs we have experienced in our war againſt the paſſions, or even againſt undue indulgence of the common appetites,

eating, drinking, and ſleeping: we ſhall ſoon perceive how much more eaſy it is to form reſolutions, than to execute them; and ſhall no longer find occaſion, perhaps, to wonder at the weakneſs of Johnſon.

On the whole—In the memoirs of him that have been publiſhed, there are ſo many witty ſayings, and ſo many wiſe ones, by which the world, if it ſo pleaſe, may be at once entertained and improved, that I do not regret their publication. In this, as in all other inſtances, we are to adopt the good, and reject the evil. The little ſtories of his oddities and his infirmities in common life, will, after a while, be overlooked and forgotten; but his writings will live for ever, ſtill more and more ſtudied and admired, while Britons ſhall continue to be characterized by a love of elegance and ſublimity, of good ſenſe and virtue. The ſincerity of his repentance, the ſtedfaſtneſs of his faith, and the fervour of his charity, forbid us to doubt that his ſun ſet in clouds, to riſe without them: and of this let us always be mindful, that every one who is made better by his books, will add a wreath to his crown.

Z.

No. 14.——Saturday, *June* 16, 1787.

BETWEEN the Sloven and the Coxcomb there is generally a competition which ſhall be the more contemptible, the one in the total neglect of every thing which might make his appearance in public ſupportable, and the other in the cultivation of every ſuperfluous ornament. The former offends by his negligence and dirt, the latter by his airs and perfumery. Each entertains a proper contempt for the other, and while both are right in their opinion, both are wrong in their practice. The dreſs of a man is almoſt invariably an indication of his habit of mind: I do not mean to aſſert, that by a red coat you can poſitively ſwear to his valour, or by a black one to his integrity; but from his general manner of adorning his perſon, you may diſcover the general train of his thinking. He who has never been ſeen in diſhabille but by his hair-dreſſer, or his valet de chambre, I am inclined to ſuppoſe has never known the luxury of mental relaxation. Not that his mind is occupied in abſtruſe ſpeculations, but being over ſolicitous for the welfare and ornament of his per-

ſon, he cannot deſcend to take a ſhare in thoſe concerns of the world, which if they gained poſſeſſion of his mind, might diſcompoſe the features of his face. He has no conſolation for the afflicted,* for care produceth wrinkles, he ſhuns laughter, leſt he ſhould ſhake the powders from his curls; he cannot ſmoke, leſt his coat ſhould ſmell of tobacco; and he is prevented from the moderate uſe of wine, for it would endanger if not ruin his complexion.

Theſe well-dreſſed advocates for virtue avoid gluttony, not that they may practiſe abſtinence, but leſt they ſhould injure their ſhapes; they fly from drunkenneſs, not becauſe it is a vice dangerous in itſelf, and deſtructive in its conſequences, but that they may preſerve their faces from pimples. Reaſons of equal moment regulate all their actions, concerns, and opinions. The man of dreſs is, perchance, a diſſenter, becauſe the path-way which leads to the meeting-houſe is cleaner than that to the church; or he is a churchman becauſe his pew is lined with green bays.

* He is one of that uncomfortable ſpecies, ſo happily delineated in the learned preface to Bellendenus:

Ψυχραν εχει παις καρδιαν θερμοις επι·
Υδαρες τε πως και λεπτον αιμ' αει τριφων
Νηφειν τ' απιστειν τ' αρθρα τω βιω λεγει,
Αοινον, αγελαστον, απροσηγορον τερας.

There

There is an equivocal ſpecies of beings, called *petites maitres*, who are owned by neither ſex, and ſhunned by both. They are a race not peculiar to * any nation, or clime, or country. Ancient Rome had many of them; modern Rome has, I ſuſpect, more. They flouriſh among our pacified friends in France; nor are we in England entirely without them. We may ſoon, perhaps, hear of their exiſtence among our coloniſts at Botany-bay; that they have ſprung up in the faſhionable part of Lapland, or are gaining ground with the paper-money in North America.

To this part of the creation is almoſt entirely confined that violent extravagance of dreſs which fixes a man's head between two capes or promontories, like an attorney in the pillory, and cuts away the ſkirts of his coat, as if he had narrowly eſcaped from a fire. Among theſe whimſical innovators in dreſs, I have found all my concluſions reſpecting the ſtate

* They are evidently alluded to in the following Epigram of Auſonius:

Dum dubitat natura marem faceretne puellam
Factus es, oh pulcher, pæne puella, puer.

Give me, ye Gods, the huſband cries, an Heir,
The teeming Wife demands a Daughter fair;
The Gods too kind, nor that deny, nor this,
Forth comes an Heir, half Maſter and half Miſs.

of their minds, built upon unſound foundations: The ſame ſpirit of innovation, which was continually varying the poſition of the ſleeve-button, or the pattern of the ſtocking, might, I thought, render them unquiet members of the community, and dangerous to the ſtate. But I am happily miſtaken. They are harmleſs citizens; and thoſe minds which in my patriotic zeal I was too fearful might be plotting againſt my country, I have, upon a cloſer examination, diſcovered to be a perfect blank.

Somewhat of a man's mind may, perhaps, be diſcovered by his promptitude or backwardneſs to comply with what is termed the Faſhion of Dreſs. He who can be content to follow faſhion, with all her mutability, through all her revolutions, muſt have imbibed ſome of that fickleneſs which ſuch a purſuit inſpires. The ſame uncertainty which makes him fluctuate between Mr. Rag the taylor, and Mr. Bloſſom the habit-maker, will mark his conduct in the more ſerious concerns of life.

He, on the contrary, who is ridiculouſly preciſe in dreſs, nothing varying according to the faſhion of the times, will be generally found overbearingly dogmatical in opinion. The ſame bigotry which condemns him to one pair of buckles, will chain him down likewiſe to one ſet of opinions. He would contend for the propriety of his dialect, though he were

educated

educated within a mile of the Lake of Windermere; he would defend his taſte, though he brought it from the iſle of Sky, and he would dogmatiſe in religion, though he had his unſtable principles from Birmingham.

It is a common cuſtom from the dreſs and appearance of a man to gueſs at his trade or profeſſion. The decency of the round curl, the gravity of the black coat, and the emblematic orthodoxy of everlaſting waiſtcoat and breeches, are ſufficient to mark a man for a Defender of the faith. The laying out of the "gravel-walk and graſs-plat" in a citizen's green and gold waiſtcoat, will evince to an accurate obſerver the ſtreet in which he lives, and whether his warehouſe contains the goods of an eminent Shoemaker, the right pigtail of a Tobacconiſt, or the ventures of a Turkey Merchant. When we ſee thoſe unaccountable combinations of ill mixing colours, which are ſometimes diſplayed in the coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches, we cannot help ſuſpecting, that the wearer of them is by profeſſion a Fidler, not much in repute, or by trade a Taylor, with no other uſe for his patterns than to make "a motley ſuit" for himſelf.

It requires no great penetration to diſcover, that the ſhort man with the anchor on his button, who contends for the liberty of the preſs, is the midſhipman of a man of War; or that

the fat Laughter-loving dame all pink ribbons and ſmiles, makes ſauſages in Fetter-lane, or diſpenſes cakes and ale at the bar of the Croſs Marrow-bones, near Mile-end Turnpike.

What after all, it may be aſked, is the ſtandard of propriety in dreſs?—There is, perhaps, none. His own judgment and underſtanding muſt be the guide of every one. And it may not be uſeleſs to remember, that from the outward appearance people form opinions of the inward man; that he will excite indignation, whoſe whole mind is viſibly laid out upon his dreſs, as certainly as the profeſſed drunkard will diſguſt, whoſe face is like the ſouth aſpect of a garden-wall, hung with ripe fruit. He who, perhaps, owes the poverty of his underſtanding to his own neglect, will in vain endeavour to repair his conſequence and dignity by the aſſiſtance of the Graces and the Taylors; all they can do for him is, to render his folly more apparent, and himſelf more ridiculous.

Moderation is, perhaps, no where a more poſitive virtue than in dreſs, to which no man of ſenſe will devote the whole of his time, and no reaſonable man will refuſe ſome proportion of it.

To my CORRESPONDENTS:

—*C, Patty Pennyleſs, Crop, Arabella, D, X, Underhill, Crazybones, Philovulpius, Eudoſia Diſhclout, Kitty Crumpling*, and *Monſieur Jonquil*:

Ladies and *Gentlemen*,

Your Compoſitions will moſt likely all *go to the Devil*, though I am not Prophet enough to aſcertain the exact time when. You may, however, depend upon the introduction and aſſiſtance of his Holineſs's Cook,

TARATALLA.

Simon Shabby has my thanks for the propriety of his remarks, and the language in which they are conveyed; yet the faults he cenſures are trifling, venial, and local.

Coſmopolita may be a Citizen of the World, but he is no Ulyſſes.

No. 15.——Saturday, *June* 23, 1787.

——Nimis alta ſapit
Bellua multorum capitum.

In a Society, inſtituted for the purpoſe of amicable diſputation, to which I once found means to obtain admittance, the following queſtion was propoſed for diſcuſſion:—Which circumſtance would be more irkſome to a gentleman of delicate feelings, the reflection that he had killed another in a duel, or had been himſelf pulled by the noſe from Penzance in Cornwall, to our Town of Berwick upon Tweed, by way of London?—That his audience might have as clear a comprehenſion as poſſible of the ſubject to be diſcuſſed, the leader of the debate thought it neceſſary to ſpecify to them the diſtance between the two places mentioned, in which his accuracy was queſtioned by a gentleman with his hankerchief under his wig: The conteſt was carried on with violence and acrimony, but was at length ſomewhat appeaſed by means of a third perſon, who upon bringing the parties to explain, diſcovered that they had

had made their calculations upon different principles, the one having conſulted Patterſon's book of roads, the other Ogilby's.

It was on all ſides ſagaciouſly concluded upon, that one muſt be wrong, but it was impoſſible to aſcertain which, without examining the comparative excellencies of Meſſrs. Patterſon and Ogilby, each of whom was extolled by either party as a literary Coloſſus. This gave the debate another intereſting turn, and as I found the heat of the room and the conteſt likely to endanger my welfare, and produce ſomething more than a war of words, I made as precipitate a retreat as the nature of the caſe would admit; but before I could gain the door, I found the amicable diſputants had laid aſide their rhetoric and their coats, and exchanged the fanciful and ideal ſhafts of wit for the material weapons of pewter pots and oaken ſticks. Never was that happy compariſon of the Grammarians more thoroughly illuſtrated, by which they liken logic to the clenched-fiſt! My eſcape from theſe Logicians was a ſource of comfortable contemplation, yet I could not lay aſide all my fears for the ſafety of thoſe I had left behind; however, I had the ſatisfaction to find the next morning, that no material injury had been ſuſtained. Upon turning into a ſhop, I bought a pair of gloves of the Patterſonian; and ſoon after diſcovered the follower of Ogilby mending the club-room windows.

Theſe

These and a few other circumstances, which I need not, perhaps, enumerate, have induced me to offer to my patient readers a few observations on that great love of refinement and *sentimentality* which is daily gaining ground among the lower orders of our fellow-countrymen, of which nothing can I believe radically cure them but a Dutch war. The grand causes of this mischief, I am inclined to suppose, are the above-mentioned pewter-pot spouting clubs, and those rhapsodies of nonsense which are so liberally poured upon the public, under the title of sentimental novels, utterly subversive of common sense, and not very warm friends to common honesty. There is a fascinating power in nonsense which may sometimes afford relaxation, if not amusement, to a man of sense; but which always meets with something congenial to itself in meaner capacities. For such capacities such compositions are well adapted; and for these the furrow is left unfinished, and "the hammers miss their wonted stroke."

Some of my readers may, perhaps, be not only readers of novels, but writers of them. Though I do not consider myself as qualified in any particular to dictate to so respectable a part of the community, yet I cannot forbear offering a few, perhaps erroneous remarks upon them and their productions.

While

While the writers of novels have ſo many admirable models, upon which their ſtyle might be formed, it is not without regret that we turn over the inſipid pages which are thruſt into our ſight in every bookſeller's ſhop. They ſeem to have forgotten that there are writers better than themſelves, that if we wiſh for delicate and refined ſentiment, we can recur to Grandiſon and Clariſſa; if we would ſee the world more perhaps as it is, than as it ſhould be, we have Joſeph Andrews and Tom Jones; or that we can find the happy mixture of ſatire and moral tendency in the ſpiritual Quixote, and Cecilia.

I cannot help noticing the glaring impropriety they are guilty of, who make their nobility and their peaſants ſpeak the ſame language: They defend themſelves, no doubt, by the authority and example of Virgil's Shepherds, Sanazarius's Fiſhermen, and the ruſtics of Mr. Pope. But when they are told, that to copy the deformities of good writers will be no embelliſhment to bad ones, they may perhaps ceaſe to overwhelm us with the ſentimentality of their Footmen, and the rhetorical flouriſhes of their Shoemakers. Theſe are more particularly the characters which do a material injury to that part of the nation, who, when they have ſhut up ſhop, wet their thumbs and ſpell through a novel. A love-ſick Chambermaid is enough to ruin half the ſiſterhood; an intrigueing Apprentice is the torment of Maſter Tradeſmen; and

and the high-flown notions of honour, which are inculcated by "Johnny with his ſhoulder-knot," will ſet a couple of Taylors a duelling. If the rapid courſe of theſe grievances be not checked, we ſhall have the Epicure juſtly complaining, that he can get no lamb to eat with his aſparagus, from the ſenſibility of the Leadenhall butchers; or that the melting tenderneſs of the Cooks prevents the eels from being ſkinned, or the lobſters boiled alive. Should delicacy of thinking become too common, we may drive the lawyers from their quibbles, and how then are we to get thoſe little odd jobs done for ourſelves, and our eſtates, ſo convenient for our families, and ſo beneficial to our landed intereſts? Suppoſe, moreover, the Jews, (I do not mean particularly thoſe to whom Dr. Prieſtley's invitation is directed, but) the money-lenders and the proprietors of the crucible, ſhould be infected with this growing ſenſe of honour; the gaming table muſt be deſerted; there would be no market for ſtolen watches; and the triumphs of ſentiments would be the downfall of the nation.

There is much perhaps to be complained of in other publications which tend to diſſeminate the glare and tinſel of falſe ſentiments; I mean the works of thoſe imitators of Sterne, whoſe pages are polluted with ribaldry and daſhes; and thoſe compilers of modern tragedies at

which

which no man weeps, unleſs in pure friendſhip for the author.

If I in the playhouſe ſaw a huge blackſmith-like looking fellow blubbering over the precious foolery of Nina, I ſhould immediately take it for granted he came in with an order, and look upon his iron tears as a *forgery*. Indeed, might I be allowed to dictate upon ſuch an occaſion, no man ſhould be permitted to moiſten a white handkerchief at the ohs and the ahs of a modern tragedy, unleſs they poſſeſſed an eſtate of ſeven hundred a year, clear of mortgage, and every other incumbrance. Such people have a right to fling away their time as they pleaſe; the works of the loom receive no impediment from their idleneſs, and it is at leaſt an innocent though inſipid amuſement.

While I ſeem endeavouring to harden the hearts of my country againſt thoſe attacks which are made upon them from the ſtage, I am far from wiſhing to rob them of that prompt benevolence which is a leading feature in our national character. But I am afraid of refinement even in our virtues. I am afraid leſt the ſame eye which is ſo prone to give its tributary tear to the well told hiſtory of fancied woe, ſhould be able to look upon real miſery without emotion, becauſe its tale is told without plot, incident, or ornament. I would only therefore remind thoſe fair ladies, and well-dreſſed

gentlemen

gentlemen who frequent our theatres becauſe they have nothing elſe to do, or that they may enjoy the luxury of ſhedding tears with Mrs. Siddons, that if they will look round among their fellow creatures they will find their time rather too ſhort, than too long, for the exerciſe of their compaſſion in alleviating the diſtreſſes of their neighbours; and they may, by theſe means, be ſupplied with luxuries, which will never reproach them with time ſquandered away, or miſpent in idleneſs or vice.

No. 16.——SATURDAY, *June* 30, 1787.

Gaudetque viam feciſſe ruinâ.

LUCAN.

WITH a View, no doubt, of more deeply intereſting our attention, it ſeems the practice of modern Tragedy Writers to aim at exciting terror by a general yet indiſcriminate recourſe to the bowl and the dagger; whilſt, after exhauſting the whole armory of the Property Room, the firſt act is frequently accelerated from the mere want of ſurviving perſonages to ſupport the Play. The modern Hero of the Drama ſeems as it were profeſſionally to conſider killing as no murder; the rout of armies, the capture of thouſands, and the downfall of empires, forms the nauſeous yet perpetual chit-chat of the narrative. However groſs may be the deficiencies of plot, character, ſtyle, and language, incident pregnant with devaſtation and bloodſhed, is deemed a receipt in full for every excellence; and in proportion as the ordinary ſtandard of human actions is exceeded, the nearer in the opinion of the author the

Piece

Piece approaches to perfection. Such a conduct, however, betrays the greateſt poverty of expedient, and not infrequently defeats its own end, by exciting diſguſt inſtead of approbation. Nature deals in no ſuch hyperboles; to the credit of herſelf, and the comfort of her creation, ſhe as rarely ſhews in the moral world, a Nero, a Borgia, a Cromwell, or a Catiline; as ſhe does in the natural, a Comet, or an Hurricane, an Earthquake, or an Inundation. Whoever has curſorily turned over the Dramatic Works of Lee and Dryden, will acknowledge the juſtneſs of this charge.

With uniform and unexampled characters either of vice or virtue in the extreme, the aggregate of mankind are little affected; as they cannot come under their obſervation in real Life, they have few claims to their notice, and none to their belief, in fictitious repreſentations. Mixed characters alone come home to the minds of the multitude. The angelic qualities of a Grandiſon, or an Harlowe, are reflected but by the hearts of a few ſolitary individuals, whilſt thoſe of Jones find a never-failing mirrour in the better half of mankind. At all events, if it is impoſſible to avoid verging to one extreme or the other, the ſide of virtue it is hoped is the moſt probable, and therefore the moſt proper of the two; and wherever we are tempted by a ſtory, peculiarly adapted

to

to the tragic Muſe (carrying with it at the ſame time, a ſufficiency of the terrible) it is the buſineſs of the Poet to be more cautious in the ſelection, and to deal out death and deſtruction as reluctantly and as ſeldom as the nature of the incidents will admit; for I cannot help concurring with Jonathan Wild in opinion, that miſchief is much too precious a commodity to be ſquandered.

The judiciouſly blending the lights and ſhades of a character, ſo as to make the one neceſſarily reſult from, and fall into, the other, conſtitutes one of the moſt difficult branches of the Art; and in the works of common writers it is in vain we look for an effect of the kind. To delineate with exactneſs the temporary lapſe of the Good from Virtue to Vice, or thoſe peculiar ſituations in which the wicked man faulters in his career, and bluſhes to find himſelf "ſtaggering upon Virtue," demands the hand of a Maſter. A character of uninterrupted deteſtation can ſcarcely exiſt; and when it is obtruded upon us, we have a right to queſtion the abilities of him who drew it. The Satan of Milton, though with a heart diſtended with pride, and rejoicing in diſobedience, when marſhalling his troops, (all of whom had forfeited Heaven in his cauſe) for the expreſs purpoſe of confronting the Almighty, betrays

emotions

emotions almoſt incompatible with his nature. They are ſingularly affecting:—

——————cruel his eye, but caſt
Sighs of remorſe, and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of ſpirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal ſplendors flung
For his revolt——

Mark the effect:

——————he now prepar'd
To ſpeak ——
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice, in ſpite of ſcorn
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth —

1ſt Book, 604, &c. &c.

Nor has Virgil ſuffered the unnatural and abandoned Mezentius, equally the Contemner of the Gods, and the Enemy of man, to leave us without exciting ſome pity, however undeſerved. The grief with which he hears the death of his amiable ſon Lauſus announced, and the eagerneſs with which he inſtantly haſtens to revenge it, the magnanimity he diſcovers in his laſt words, in reply to the taunts of Æneas, afford a fine relief to that horror

horror and deteſtation which the former part of his character had previouſly excited: The whole is a maſter piece in its kind. *

In the Medea of Euripides, one of the firſt Performances Antiquity has left us, it is the aim of the Poet throughout to make Medea an object of commiſeration; and to this end, he has made a tender and unremitted ſolicitude for the fate of her children the leading feature of her character: and on comparing the provocation on the one ſide with the revenge on the other, we ſhall find them by no means diſproportioned. High-born, impatient, and ardent in her attachment, with a ſenſibility tremblingly-alive to feel her wrongs, and a ſpirit, to the utmoſt, to revenge them, ſhe is ſtill a tender mother, though no longer a fond wife, and in every reſpect perfectly human. For Jaſon, ſhe had forſaken and betrayed her father and her country, killed her brother Abſyrtus. Through his means ſhe had been inſulted by Creon, and baniſhed his kingdom;—Creon, the very man whoſe daughter Creuſa had uſurped her bed, and alienated the affections of her huſband. Yet every writer, who has employed himſelf on this ſubject ſince the Greek bard, ſeems widely to have miſtaken, or

* See from line 833 to the concluſion of the tenth Æneid.

wilfully

wilfully to have departed from what ſhould have been their model. Seneca, with ſome few ſlight exceptions, has diveſted her of every claim to pity; Corneille has done the ſame, and Glover, a Poet of our own, has left the blunder as he found it.—Whoever is deſirous of being made acquainted with ſome of the moſt poignant ſtruggles between the deſire of revenge, and maternal affection is more particularly referred to this Play. *

It may not be amiſs to conclude theſe remarks with a few extracts from a moſt excellent modern performance, where the Author has committed an error, (of which he was probably ſenſible at the time) in order to avoid exceeding, what he ſeems to have conſidered, the regular boundaries of Human depravity.

In the laſt Scene of the Revenge, where the dreadful unravelment of the Plot takes place through the immediate agency of Zanga himſelf, the following circumſtances are thus forcibly unfolded:

Thy wife is guiltleſs, that's one tranſport to me;
And *I*, *I* let thee know it, that's another,
I urg'd Don Carlos to reſign his miſtreſs,
I forg'd the letter, *I* diſpos'd the picture;
I hated, *I* deſpis'd, and *I* deſtroy.

* See Medea. 1021, 1069, 1244, &c. &c.

By

By theſe aggravations of malevolence, the deteſtation of the Audience is worked up to the higheſt poſſible pitch; in the ſubſequent part of the Scene, Alonzo is racked with a ſtill farther diſcovery of the reaſons that incited Zanga to Revenge from Zanga himſelf; in an agony of deſpair, he ſtabs himſelf, and dies; and the Poet concludes the Piece with endeavouring to draw a ſhade over the character of the Moor before he leaves him to the mercy of the Spectator; and by one ſpeech aims at an atonement for him in oppoſition to the deteſtation and diſguſt he had previouſly ſo ſucceſsfully excited. Zanga approaches the body, and thus ſpeaks:

Is this Alonzo? where's his haughty mien?
Is that the hand which ſmote me? Heavens, how pale!
And art thou dead? ſo is my enmity,
I war not with the duſt: the great, the proud,
The Conqueror of Afric was my foe.
A Lion preys not upon carcaſes.
This was the only method to ſubdue me;
Terror and doubt fall on me; all thy good
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.
Never had man ſuch funeral applauſe;
If I lament thee, ſure thy worth was great.
O Vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,
And to receive me Hell blows all her fires.—

Zanga might here with propriety retort upon Young the very words which were put into his mouth in addreſſing Alonzo: "Chriſtian, thou miſtakeſt my character."

For theſe ſymptoms of repentance and regret which he here diſcovers in acknowledging his having gone too great lengths in his purſuit of Revenge, and that he had followed Vengeance too far, are totally out of place, and unnatural; they are againſt the tenets of that religion which he is ſuppoſed to profeſs, and the practice and example of his country, which conſider a contrary conduct as eminently meritorious. The plain rule of Horace ſhould certainly, to have compleated the Piece, have been here ſtrictly adhered to:

——— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

No. 17.——SATURDAY, *July* 7, 1787.

Eſt natura hominum novitatis avida.

THAT with reſpect of news, as well as of liquors, Man is a thirſty ſoul, we are taught, in the words of my motto, at the very firſt entrance on our elementary ſtudies. Curioſity is the appetite of the mind. It muſt be ſatisfied, or we periſh.

Among the improvements, therefore, of modern times, there is none in which I find more reaſon to congratulate my countrymen, than the increaſe of knowledge by the multiplication of newſpapers.

With what a mixture of horror and commiſeration do we now look back to that period in our hiſtory, when, as it is ſaid, a written letter came down once a week to the coffee-houſe, where a proper perſon, with a clear and ſtrong voice, was pitched upon to read it aloud to the company aſſembled upon the occaſion? How earneſtly did they liſten! How greedily did they ſuck down every drop of intelligence that fell within their reach! Happy the man who carried off but half a ſentence! It was his employment, for the reſt of the evening, to

imagine what the other half might have been. In days like theſe there was indeed (if we may uſe the expreſſion) "a famine in the land;" and one wonders how people contrived to keep body and ſoul together.

The proviſions at preſent made for us is ample. There are morning papers for breakfaſt; there are evening papers for ſupper;—I beg pardon—I mean dinner; and leſt, during the interval, wind ſhould get into the ſtomach, there is, I believe,—I know there *was*,—a paper publiſhed, by way of luncheon, about noon. That fanaticiſm may not overwhelm us, and that profane learning may be duly mingled with ſacred, there is alſo a Sunday gazette; which removes one objection formerly urged, and ſurely not without reaſon, againſt the obſervation of the day.

Some have complained, that to read all the newſpapers, and compare them accurately together, as it is neceſſary to do, before a right judgment can be formed of the ſtate of things in general, is grown to be a very laborious taſk, which whoever performs properly, can do nothing elſe. And why ſhould he? Perhaps, he has nothing elſe to do; perhaps, if he had, he would not do it; or, perhaps, if he had not this to do, he would be in miſchief. The complaint ſprings from a very criminal indolence, the child of peace and wealth. No man knows what may be done, within the compaſs of a day,

till

till he tries. Fortune favours the brave. Let him buckle to the work, and deſpair of nothing. The more difficulty, the more honour. The Athenians, we are told, ſpent their time only "in hearing or telling ſome new thing." Would he wiſh to ſpend his time better than the Athenians did?

It has been thought, that tradeſmen and artificers may ſpend too much of their time in this employment, to the neglect of their own reſpective occupations. But this can be thought only by ſuch as have not conſidered, that to an Engliſhman his country is every thing. Self is ſwallowed up, as it ought to be, in patriotiſm: or, to borrow the eccleſiaſtical language, the conſtitution is his dioceſe; his own buſineſs can only be regarded in the light of a *commendam*, on which if he caſt an eye now and then, as he happens to paſs that way, it is abundantly ſufficient.

The ſpirit of defamation, by which a newſpaper is often poſſeſſed, has now found its own remedy in the diverſity of them; for though a gentleman may read, that he himſelf is a ſcoundrel, and his wife no better than ſhe ſhould be to-day, he will be ſure to read, that both of them are very good ſort of people to-morrow. In the ſame manner, if one paper, through miſtake, or deſign, kill his friend, there is another ready to fetch him to life; nay, if he have

good luck in the order of his reading, he may be informed that his friend is alive again, before he had peruſed the account of his death.

The expence of advertiſing in ſo many different newſpapers may, perhaps, be deemed a hardſhip upon authors. But then they have, in return, the comfort of reflecting, what benefactors they are to the revenue. Beſides, how eaſy is it for them to balance the account, by printing with a large type, due ſpace between the lines, and a broad margin? Great advantage may be obtained by throwing their compoſitions into the form of letters, which may be as ſhort as they pleaſe; and a reader of delicacy thinks, the ſhorter, the better. A letter of ſix lines is a very decent letter. It may begin at the bottom of one page, and end at the top of the next, ſo that eight parts in ten of what the reader purchaſes conſiſts of blank paper: his eye is agreeably relieved; and if the paper be good for any thing, he has, upon the whole, no bad bargain.

That the vehicles of intelligence, numerous as they are, yet are not too numerous, appears, becauſe there is news for them all, there are purchaſers for all, and advertiſements for all: theſe laſt not only afford aid to government, and are pretty reading, but ſometimes have an influence upon the more important affairs of the world, which is not known, or even ſuſpected.

No

No event of latter times has more aſtoniſhed mankind, than the ſudden downfall of the Jeſuits; and various cauſes have been aſſigned for it. I am happy, that it is in my power, by means of a correſpondent at Rome, who was in the ſecret, to furniſh my readers with the true one—an anecdote, which, I believe, has never before tranſpired.

It was owing, then, to an advertiſement in an Engliſh newſpaper, which paſſed over to the continent, and, by ſome means or other, found its way to the Vatican. I remember perfectly well to have read the advertiſement at the time, and to have noted it down in my adverſaria, as I am wont to do, when any thing ſtrikes me in a particular manner. It ran thus:—

"John Haynes, of St. Clements, Oxford, begs leave to inform the public, that he alone poſſeſſes the true art of *making leather breeches ſit eaſy.*"

As the newſpaper containing the advertiſement came from Oxford, his Holineſs and their Eminences immediately ſaw, that in theſe laſt words was conveyed a keen though covert ſatire upon the *looſe caſuiſtry* of the ſons of Loyola. A conſiſtory was called, and Ganganelli formed his reſolution. What followed, all the world knows.

I thought it but juſtice to my worthy friend Haynes, to mention thus much; and as, by the introduction of fuſtian, his trade has long

been upon the decline, I would hope that every good proteſtant will forthwith beſpeak a pair of leather breeches (and pay for them when brought home) of a man who has given ſuch a blow to popery, and had the addreſs to effect what the *Provincial Letters* attempted in vain.

From this inſtance it is evident, that we ought to read all newſpapers, country as well as town, on which we can lay our hands; for we know not what we may have loſt, by miſſing any one of them. This enlarges the ſphere of our reſearches, and the imagination riots in the delicious proſpect. The journals printed at the two univerſities muſt always have an eſpecial claim to our attention.

I was ſeized, a few years ago, at a conſiderable diſtance from our Alma Mater, with a violent fever. James's powder ceaſed to be of ſervice; the phyſician of the place, who had been called in, ſhook his head; and I began to think I ſhould never more behold St. Mary's ſpire, and Radcliffe's library. I was almoſt ſpeechleſs, but endeavoured, from time to time, as well as I could, to articulate the word JACKSON. My attendants concluded me delirious, and heeded not what I ſaid; till a lad, who travelled as my ſervant, coming accidentally into the room, exclaimed eagerly, that he would be hanged if his maſter did not mean the Oxford newſpaper. It was fetched by expreſs, and I made ſigns that it

it ſhould be read. The effect was a kindly perſpiration, followed by a gentle ſleep, from which I awoke, with my fever abated, and felt myſelf greatly refreſhed indeed. I continued mending. On the Saturday following, "the julep, as before," was repeated; and on Monday, I aroſe, and purſued my journey.

There is one argument in favour of a multiplicity of newſpapers, which I do not remember to have met with; namely, that no man is ever ſatisfied with another man's reading a newſpaper to him; but the moment it is laid down, he takes it up, and reads it over again. It is abſolutely neceſſary, therefore, that each ſhould have a newſpaper to himſelf, and ſo change round, till every paper ſhall have been read by every perſon.

A queſtion has ſometimes been debated concerning the beſt time for reading newſpapers. But ſurely the proper anſwer to it is, Read them the moment you can get them. For my own part, I always dry my paper upon my knees, and make ſhift to pick out a few articles, during the operation. It has been fancied, that by reading of this kind in a morning, (the ſeaſon marked out for it, ſince Mr. Palmer's regulation of the poſt) the head of a young academic becomes ſo filled with a heterogeneous mixture of traſh, that he is fit for nothing. But—*bona verba*,—Fair and ſoftly, my good friend.

friend. Why ſhould we not take up the matter at the other end, and ſay rather, his mind is ſo expanded by a rich variety of new ideas, that he is fit for—any thing.

I ſhall conclude this ſpeculation with obſerving, that we have juſt cauſe to be thankful for the number of newſpapers diſperſed among us; ſince, in a little time, nothing elſe will be read; it being nearly agreed by all perſons of the ton, that is, by all men of ſenſe and taſte, that religion is a *bum*, virtue a *twaddle*, and learning a *bore*.

Z.

No. 18.——SATURDAY, *July* 14, 1787.

Tempus edax rerum, veteres cecinere Poetæ,
At noſtrum tempus quis negat eſſe bibax?
ANONYM.

Of *Eating* time, old Poets rhyme,
But our's is ſurely *Drinking* time.

AGAINST Drunkenneſs there are, perhaps, no argument ſo ſtrong as thoſe which may be collected from the ſongs of Bacchanals. We are diſſuaded from it by the moraliſt, who repreſents it as the faſcination of a Siren, which wins us over to vice, by ſubduing our reaſon; and we are invited to it by the ſong of the Bacchanal, as ſomething which will ſooth our cares, inſpire us with joys vehement, if not permanent; and baniſh from our minds the evils and the troubles of life. The former ſeems to think, that this vice has ſo many allurements, as to require his cautions againſt our being ſeduced by it; and the latter, that it has

ſo

ſo few, as to ſtand in need of his recommendation of it.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contractâ quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
HORACE.

Wine can to poverty content diſpenſe,
Or tip the ſtammering tongue with eloquence.

In reaſoning, theſe words will go no farther than to prove, that he who is poor may, by drinking, become in imagination rich; or that he who ſtammers may, by the ſame expedient, find the temporary uſe of his tongue. The man who is not poor then will recollect, that he ſtands in no need of ſuch a receipt; and he who does not ſtammer will think that remedy unneceſſary which was intended to cure a diſeaſe by which he is not afflicted. I can, moreover, inform them, upon pretty good authority, that this medicine has made many a rich man poor, and deprived many an orator of his ſpeech.

Drunkenneſs is further recommended to us as the inſpirer of courage,—*In prælia trudit inermen*,—it thruſts the unarmed man to battle. —That it has this effect is, I believe, very true, and ſo much the worſe for the unarmed man. The teſtimony of a black eye, or a bloody noſe, the frequent offspring of a drunken frolic,

lic, are ſtriking proofs, that to go unarmed to battle is no great mark of wiſdom or deſirable courage.

There are many perſons in the world who meaſure a man's qualities by his capacity to hold wine; the religion of theſe good people is a bottle of port, their wit a thump on the back, and their jokes upon the whole no laughing matter. They are, however, ſo honeſt, and ſo diſagreeable, that a reaſonable man will do any thing to ſerve them, and any thing to avoid their company. I may, perhaps, incur the charge of being envious, when I declare, that I have very little ſatisfaction in the preſence of him whoſe only boaſt is, that he is a better man than myſelf by two bottles. Wine, however, inſpires confidence, wit, and eloquence; that is, it changes modeſty to impudence, ingrafts the art of joking upon dulneſs, and makes a ſtory-teller of a fool. While theſe qualifications are worthy attaining, I would have ſobriety conſidered as a vulgarity, if not ſtigmatized as a vice; but when that ceaſes to be the caſe, I hope the liberal ſpirit of tolerating principles, which is ſo much the faſhion of the age, will allow a moderate man, without infamy, to ſay, "I would rather not get very drunk to-day." Indeed, I have reaſon to believe this might be brought to paſs, having ſeen a gentleman, with great politeneſs, excuſed from taking his wine,

upon

upon his producing a teſtimony from his phyſician, that he then laboured under a violent fever; or a certificate from church-wardens of the pariſh, properly authenticated, to teſtify that his aunt was dead.

I have often ſuppoſed, that there muſt be ſome diſgrace or impropriety in habitual drunkenneſs, from the many excuſes which are framed by perſons who indulge themſelves in it. I know a fond couple, (fond I mean of liquor) who are continually, "from eve to morn, from morn to dewy eve," deluging their thirſty ſouls in gin and water,—Mr Morgan excuſes himſelf becauſe he has loſt money in the alley; and poor Mrs. Morgan complains of a perpetual coldneſs at her ſtomach. Some people find an excuſe for drinking in the loſs of their wives, in which they are happily aided by the proverb, that "Sorrow is dry." Others drink to diſſipate the cares and ſolicitudes of matrimony; and others, becauſe they cannot be admitted to a portion of ſuch cares and ſolicitudes. Sufficient argument therefore may be found, to make a notable and legitimate drunkard of the bachelor, the married man, or the widower. It is difficult to aſcertain amongſt what claſs of people this accompliſhment is in the higheſt repute. A firſt miniſter muſt have hours of relaxation, and a firſt miniſter's footman thoſe of entertainment: To accompliſh which, the former has a right if he pleaſes to get "drunk as a piper,"

piper," and the latter, by the ſame rule, "drunk as a lord."

From the proverbial phraſe, which I have had occaſion to quote, "drunk as a piper," and other circumſtances, I am led to conjecture, that the ſcience of drinking has been cultivated with particular ſucceſs among muſicians.

Queis liquidam *pater*
Vocem cum citharâ dedit.

To whom Apollo has given,
To wet their whiſtle, and handle the lyre.

The great man whoſe muſical talents are annually noiſed in Weſtminſter Abbey was no leſs the votary of Bacchus than of Apollo; and from a late newſpaper we learn, that Mr. Abel, the celebrated performer, amidſt the joys of wine, either being little ſkilled in our language, or having drank until he was unable to ſpeak any, caught up his viola da Gamba, and with great execution and good humour, obliged the company with the ſtory of Le Fevre. Such a ſtory ſo told to a man of quick apprehenſion, a good ear, and tolerably drunk, muſt, no doubt, have proved a recreation intereſting and entertaining. Yet I cannot but rejoice, that there are many people in the world who ſtill continue to uſe the old way of telling ſtories by word of

of mouth, and who can join in a converſation without thinking it neceſſary to have recourſe to F ſharp.

I am, however, no judge of theſe matters, and think it right to confeſs that I am no muſician: and that the enthuſiaſtic raptures of a drunken fidler convey to my mind no ideas of the true ſublime

Thoſe great geniuſes who are not thoroughly ſatisfied with being vicious, unleſs they can find precedents for their vice, may drink on under the ſanction and authority of Alcæus, Ariſtophanes, and Ennius. Dulneſs may ſtill plead a right to this indulgence, becauſe the unſteady principles of heathen morality did not ſtigmatize it in Cato. I have already produced examples, under which all muſicians, poets, ſatiriſts, and great wits may ſhelter themſelves; and I will undertake to furniſh the ſame kind of licenſe for the barbers, the dentiſts, the carpenters, the glaziers, or any other order of men who will depute an embaſſy to call upon me:— I ſhall only requeſt in return, that they will allow me a trifling conſideration, in their reſpective branches. I ſhall ſtipulate for a triple bob-major, becauſe Demoſthenes ſhaved his head; and to have my teeth drawn, becauſe that orator had an impediment in his ſpeech; I muſt have a wooden leg, becauſe Ageſilaus was lame; and a pair of glaſs eyes, becauſe Homer was blind. I ſhall by theſe means be

ſupplied

ſupplied with as rational apologies for my deformity, as they will for their drunkenneſs; and in proceſs of time, I have no doubt, but it will be conſidered as highly ornamental to be bald-pated, ſtuttering, limping, and bleareyed.

To ſay nothing of the immorality of drunkenneſs, I cannot look upon it as the accompliſhment of a gentleman. It ſeems to me to be in the ſame claſs of polite ſciences, with quoits, cock-fighting, tobacco-chewing, and quarter-ſtaff.

If we examine the character of Falſtaff, in whom all the bewitching qualities of a profeſſed drunkard are exhibited, we ſhall find it ſuch a one as few would willingly think like themſelves. He has not only wit himſelf, but is the cauſe of it in other men. He manifeſts much good humour in bearing the raillery of others, and great quickneſs in retorts of his own. He drinks much, and while he enumerates the qualities of your true ſherris, he ſkilfully commends what he drinks. Yet the ſame character is as ſtrongly repreſented to us, a paraſite, an unſeaſonable joker, a liar, a coward, and a diſhoneſt man.

There are, perhaps, ſome few circumſtances under which the liberal uſe of wine may be more eaſily excuſed; but while we furniſh palliatives for vice, we only multiply the means to cheat ourſelves.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude this paper with a few remarks on the character of the drunkard, from a pleaſant * writer of the laſt century:—

"A drunkard, (ſays he) is in opinion, a good fellow, in practſe a living conduit; his vices are like errata in the latter end of a falſe coppie, they point the way to vertue by ſetting downe the contrary. There is ſome affinity betwixt him and a Chamelion; he feeds upon ayre, for he doth eate his word familiarly. He cannot run faſt enough to prove a good footman: for ale and beere (the heavieſt element next earth) will overtake him. His noſe, the moſt innocent, beares the corruption of his other ſenſes folly; from it may bee gathered the embleme of one falſely ſcandal'd, for *it* not offending is colourably puniſh'd. A beggar and Hee are both of one ſtocke, but the beggar claimes antiquity. The beggar begs that he may drink, and hath his meaning; the other drinks that he may beg, and ſhall have the true meaning ſhortly." &c.

* John Stephens, the younger, of Lincolnes Inne, 1615.

No. 19.——SATURDAY, *July* 21, 1787.

Rudis indigeſtaque moles.

MANY of my readers will, perhaps, compare this day's proviſion, to the Saturday's dinner of a notable houſewife, compoſed of beef-ſteaks, and the fragments of the week. I wiſh them rather to conſider it as an entertainment, to the furniſhing of which the preſents of my friends have principally contributed, and wherein it only remains for me to place the diſhes on the table.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

DEAR SIR,

I be a baker's daughter, and to tell you the truth, ſo much in love you can't think. Now, Sir, as you ſeems to be a grave ſort of gentleman, I dares to ſay you can read the hand, caſt nativities, tell fortunes, and all that,—what now do you think, Sir, I will give you, if ſo be that you will tell me for certain whether

their or no I ſhall have Dick? why fourteen kiſſes, and that's a baker's dozen you know, and ſo no more from your's, till I'm married.

PATTY-PENNYLESS.

To this fair lady the author of the Olla Podrida has only to reply, that he is not a conjuror, nor indeed does he wear a wig. However, by conſulting his book, he has diſcovered a few negative maxims, by the obſervance of which his Correſpondent may *have Dick*, if *Dick* be worth her having.—Should he be extravagant in the praiſe of her beauty, ſhe is adviſed not to believe him. Should he offer her a green gown, not to accept it. In the diſpoſal of her baker's dozens not to be profuſe; and moreover, not to be any perſon's till ſhe is married, not even her well-wiſher's, and ſo no more.

TARATALLA.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

GOOD SIR,

I am an old Soldier, and though I ſay it, have ſeen and felt as much hard ſervice as any man, and have actually fought as long as I had limbs to ſupport me. My legs, Sir, which at this preſent writing are no leſs than four-

teen

téen hundred Engliſh miles aſunder, are buried (for aught I know) in two different quarters of the Globe, and will, alas! never croſs each other again. I have a hand, Sir, in two great kingdoms, whoſe name, for polite reaſons, I think proper at preſent to conceal, and only add, that it is no impoſſible thing for a man to be in one country, and at the ſame time to have a hand in another. Such is my ſituation, Sir, I am cropt cloſe like a Buckinghamſhire Pollard, and have hardly a twig left upon my trunk. Now, Sir, there is a knot of merry gentlemen in our neighbourhood, who, forſooth, having legs and arms of their own natural growth, are pleaſed to be conſiderably witty on what is left of me, and not infrequently extend their pleaſantry to the aſcititious branches which are engrafted upon me. I requeſt, through the medium of your paper, Sir, that you will inform theſe wags, that my arms and legs are formed from the ſame piece, and not different kinds of timber, as they have maliciouſly reported; and that although I wear my common crab-trees, on common occaſions, I have a pair of beſt mahogany ſupporters for red letter days, and Sundays. I am the more deſirous of their being informed of theſe particulars, as I pay my addreſſes to a well-favoured middle-aged lady of ſome fortune in the village; and I would have you, her, them,

and

and all the world to know, that I never was ſo ill-bred, as to pay her any compliment on my common legs, nor did I ever venture upon a ſalute but upon mahogany. I am informed by my man who takes me to pieces, and puts me together again every night and morning, that theſe merrymen ſtick at nothing to ridicule me. If you would take my part againſt the ſad dogs, you would very much oblige an old General, who hath, you find, long ſince laid down his arms, and is no longer able to lift up a hand againſt any coward who preſumes upon his incapability to affront him.

JOHN CROP.

I hope I have taken the moſt effectual method to remedy Mr. Crop's grievances, by ſtating his account of them.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

SIR,

It has pleaſed Providence to build this veſſel of mine of ſuch crazy materials, that a blaſt or two of wind from the eaſt north-eaſt quite overſets me. No ſooner does the weather-cock, which is erected on the cupola of my pigeon-houſe point at eaſt, but the rheumatic pains

pains, pins and needles, cramps, joint achs, pinches, contractions, twinges, and the ſciatica, attack me in all my quarters. Whether our bodies, which I cannot help ſometimes thinking, are made for many ends, deſigns, and purpoſes, whereof we are at preſent ignorant, may not ſerve as inns and baiting-places for ſwarms of inſects which are at ſuch times on their journey to unknown regions, or whether theſe piercing blaſts bring down upon us wretched mortals numberleſs inviſible ſpears, arrows, knives and ſwords, which acted upon by the force of the wind, ſheath themſelves deep in our muſcles, bones and joints, I muſt leave, Sir, to you and the learned world to determine. Theſe ills very frequently put my thoughts, as well as limbs, to the rack to diſcover their real ſprings and cauſes, and I often meditate upon this matter, until conceits of no very common ſhape and form are moſt equivocally generated in my pericranium. Sometimes I fancy that theſe gueſts bring with them on their wings a very peculiar ſpecies of animalcula, which lighting on this our fleſhly habitation creep in like bats and jack-daws into old caſtle walls through unnumbered and imperceptible chinks, fiſſures and crannies of our rimoſe and rimpeled carcaſes, where, when they have got in, they keep a great ſtir-about in quarrelling, fighting and making love; in building

building neſts, and depoſiting eggs, the productions of which, after we have been ſome time buried in the earth, leave us without an ounce of fleſh to cover us. Theſe are ſtrange chimæras, Sir, and make me tremble from head to foot in my great chair. But, Sir, I know my houſe is to be ſwallowed down by an earthquake, the certainty of my being out of it with all my treaſures and valuables ſafe and ſound when this accident happens, gives me an unſpeakable pleaſure, and a comfort at my very heart.

I am, Sir,

your humble ſervant,

JEREMY CRAZYBONES.

The whimſical philoſophy of Mr. Crazybones ſeems to me to border on that pleaſant melancholy humour which ſober rationality ſometimes denominates madneſs. When it is properly aſcertained, that he is harmleſs, and in good bodily health, I ſhall endeavour to preſcribe a medicine for him which may ſerve to diſſipate thoſe chimæras which make him tremble ſo in his arm chair.

To

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

DEAR SIR,

The Spectator and others have always thought proper to furniſh the public with ſome deſcription of their perſons and domeſtic qualities. I wiſh you likewiſe would communicate to your readers, whether you are a tall or a ſhort man; an horſe-back-breaker, or a pantaloon; whether you wear a wig, or your own hair, and talk much or little; with ſuch other intereſting particulars, deſcriptive of your character and appearance. I ſuppoſe you are neither a ſloven nor a coxcomb.—— Pray, Sir, are you a bachelor or a married man?

Yours, &c.

MINUTIUS.

For information in all theſe intereſting particulars, I ſhall refer Minutius to a view of myſelf. If he has any ſkill in phyſiognomy, he will diſcover every thing he wiſhes, when I inform him, he may ſee me any morning, between five and ſix, going toward Joe Pullen's tree.—He will know me by my red waiſtcoat, and a pipe in my mouth.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

SIR,

I have a ſtrong deſire to ſee my writings in print, though at preſent I have nothing to ſay.——I wiſh, however, you would inſert this in ſome corner of your paper, and you will much oblige,

RICHARD BRIEF.

No. 20.——SATURDAY, *July* 28, 1787.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

Falſus bonos juvat.

SIR,

SO prevailing is the love of ſuperiority in the human breaſt, that the moſt ſtrange and ridiculous claims are ſet up for it, by thoſe who have no real merit to offer. It is, indeed abſurd enough to value oneſelf for bodily perfections, or mental powers, both being totally the gift of the Supreme Being, without the leaſt merit on our part. Nor is that conſequence, arrogated from illuſtrious birth, at all juſtifiable, ſince the proof of poſſeſſing it, cannot ariſe higher than probability: All ladies are not Suſannah's, nor all ſervants Joſeph's. But ſuppoſe it allowed; a good man does not want that addition, and to a bad one, the virtues of his anceſtors are a ſtanding reproach. A lower kind of importance is frequently aſſumed from the excellence of one's domeſtic

animals, ſuch as a fine pack of hounds, ſtaunch pointers, or fleet horſes, when the arrogator of their merit has neither bred, choſen, nor taught them; and has had no other concern with them, than ſimply paying the purchaſe-money. How excellently does Dr. Young, in his Univerſal Paſſion, draw and expoſe a character of this kind:

The 'Squire is proud to ſee his Courſer ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd Beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a Chriſtmas Tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack.
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back.)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praiſe? let Ringwood's fame alone;
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a Gypſey you commit,
And ſhake the clumſy bench with country wit,
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon, for the jeſt you made.

But

But of the ridiculous pretenſions to pre-eminence, that ariſing from the place of one's reſidence ſeems the moſt fooliſh, and nothing is more common, and that not limited to countries, provinces, or cities, but is regularly extended to the different parts of this town of London, and even to the ſeveral ſtories of a houſe. The appellation of Country-booby is very ready in the mouth of every citizen and apprentice, who feels an imaginary ſuperiority from living in the metropolis; and any one who has ſeen London ladies of the middling order, in a country church, muſt have obſerved, that there they failed not to diſplay a contemptuous conſequence founded on their coming from that town.

London is divided into Suburbs, City and Court, or as it is ſtiled, Eaſt of Temple Bar, and *T'other End of the Town*; and again ſubdivided into many degrees and diſtricts, each in a regular climax conferring ideal dignity and precedency. The inhabitants of Kent Street, and St. Giles's are mentioned by thoſe of Wapping, White-chapel, Mile-end, and the Borough of Southwark, with ſovereign contempt, whilſt a Wappineer, a Mile-ender, and a Boroughnian, are terms proverbially uſed about the Exchange and Fenchurch Street, to expreſs an inferior order of beings; nor do the rich Citizens of Lombard Street

ever loſe the opportunity of retailing the joke of a White-chapel fortune. The ſame contempt is expreſſed for the cits inhabiting the environs of the Royal Exchange, or reſiding within the ſound of Bow Bell, St. Bennet's, Sheer-Hog, Pudding-Lane, and Blow-bladder Street, by the inferior retainers of the law in Chancery-Lane, Hatton-Garden, and Bedford Row; and theſe again are conſidered as people living totally out of the polite circle by the jewellers in Soho, and the aſpiring tradeſmen ſettled in Bloomſbury, Queens, and Red Lion Squares, in the firſt flight from their counting houſes in Thames Street, Billingſgate, and Mark Lane. The new Colonies about Oxford Street, ſneer at theſe would-be people of faſhion, and are in their turns deſpiſed by thoſe whoſe happier ſtars have placed them in Pall Mall, Saint James's, Cavendiſh and Portman Squares. Thus it is, taking this criterion of pre-eminence in a general view; but to deſcend to a ſmaller ſcale, the Lodger in the firſt floor ſcarcely deigns to return the bow of the occupier of the ſecond in the ſame houſe, who, on all occaſions, makes himſelf amends by ſpeaking with the utmoſt contempt of the Garretteers over head, with many ſhrewd jokes on Sky Parlours. The precedency between the Garret and the Cellar ſeems evidently in favour of the former, Garrets having time out of mind been the reſidence of the Literati,

Literati, and ſacred to the Muſes, it is not therefore wonderful that the inhabitants of thoſe ſublimes regions ſhould think the renters of Cellars independent of a pun, much below them.

Beſides the diſtinctions of Altitude, there is that of forward and backward: I have heard a lady, who lodged in the fore room of the ſecond ſtory, on being aſked after another who lodged in the ſame houſe, ſcornfully deſcribe her by the appellation of the Woman living in the back room.

Polite ſituations not only confer dignity on the parties actually reſiding on them, but alſo by emanations of gentility, in ſome meaſure ennoble the Vicinity; thus perſons living in any of the back-lanes or courts near one of the polite ſquares or ſtreets, may tack them to their addreſs, and thereby ſomewhat add to their conſequence. I once knew this method practiſed with great ſucceſs by a perſon who lodged in a court in Holbourn, who conſtantly added to his direction, oppoſite the Duke of Bedford's, Bloomſbury Square.

To prevent diſputes reſpecting the ſuperiority here treated of, I have with much impartiality, trouble, and ſevere ſtudy, laid down a ſort of table of precedency, and marſhaled the uſual places of reſidence in their ſucceſſive order, beginning with the loweſt. Firſt then,

of thoſe who occupy only a part of a tenement, ſtand, the holders of ſtalls, ſheds, and cellars, to them ſucceed the reſidents in garrets, whence we gradually deſcend to the ſecond and firſt floor, the dignity of each ſtory being in the inverſe ratio of its altitude; it being always remembered, that thoſe dwelling in the fore part of the houſe, take place of the inhabitants of the ſame elevation renting the back rooms; the ground floor, if not a ſhop or warehouſe, ranks with the ſecond ſtory. Situations of Houſes I have arranged in the following order: Paſſages, alleys, courts, ſtreets, rows, places, and ſquares. My reaſon for theſe arguments, I may, perhaps, give on a future opportunity.

As a comfort to thoſe who might deſpond at ſeeing their lot placed in a humiliating degree, let them conſider, that all but the firſt ſituations are capable of promotion; and that an inhabitant of a Yard or Court, may, without moving, find himſelf a dweller in a ſtreet. Many inſtances of this have very lately occurred: Does any one now heſitate to talk of Fludyer and Crown Streets Weſtminſter, and yet both were, not long ago, ſimply Axe Yard and Crown Court, from which they have been raiſed to their preſent dignity, without paſſing through the intermediate rank of lanes; in the ſame manner Hedge Lane is become Whitcombe Street; and Cumberland Alley has experienced

perienced a ſimilar elevation, and any one that ſhould chance to call it leſs than Cranbourne Street, would riſque ſomething more than abuſe from the ladies of the quilting-frame, and ſons of the gentle craft reſident there. Tyburn Road has been created Oxford Street, and Leiceſter Fields honoured with the rank, ſtile, and title, of Leiceſter Square.

W.

No. 21.——SATURDAY, *August* 4, 1787.

Ὅςις δε διαβολιαις πειθεται ταχυ
Ἤτοι πονηρος αυτος εςι τȣς τροπȣς
Ἢ παντα πασι παιδαριȣ γνωμην εχει.

MENANDER.

He who willingly extends his credulity to the belief of calumnies, is a wicked man or a fool.

THAT sacred weapon, Satire, so seldom falls into hands able to wield it with fortitude and discretion, that if we examine the characters of those who have arrogated to themselves the office of stigmatizing vice, the result of our labours will oftentimes prove disappointment and regret.

Yet, as not every disappointment is without some useful lesson, it may not perhaps, be quite unprofitable to offer a few cursory remarks upon some of those writers who have passed through the world under the denomination of Satirists.

To

To fix a period from which Satire may be ſuppoſed to have had its beginning, is to date the origin of that whoſe exiſtence is coeval with the nature of man. The manners of all times have furniſhed materials for the pen of the Satiriſt, and writers of all nations have diſcovered either their integrity in the proper uſe of it, or their malevolence in the proſtitution of it. That Homer gave ſufficient proofs of his abilities to become a powerful Satiriſt, we have heard in his Margites, and we have ſeen in his character of Therſites.

The different regulations of the Greek Comedy have been accurately and frequently ſtated to us; it is therefore unneceſſary to give a very minute account of what every every one is, or may be, ſo minutely acquainted with.—In conſequence of the licentious ſatire produced into public by Cratinus and Eupolis, it was decreed that no one ſhould name another on the ſtage. Under theſe reſtrictions wrote Menander and Philemon, with the chaſtity of whoſe ſtyle, and the purity of whoſe ſentiments, we have reaſon to lament that we cannot be more intimately acquainted. To them ſucceeded Ariſtophanes, upon whom his biographical panegyriſt has been able to heap no other commendation, than ſuch as is due to to the miſapplication of abilities which might have been ſerviceable to his country, and creditable to himſelf.

Let

Let the reader of Ariſtophanes diveſt himſelf of his inclination to become acquainted with the cuſtoms of the Greeks, and the niceties of language, and he will find little in that author tending to make him a wiſer or a better man. While ribaldry is conſidered as the perfection of wit, ſo long ſhall we look for a model in Ariſtophanes; while the malicious exercise of ſuperior abilities be commendable, ſo long ſhall Ariſtophanes be commended. The humour of this writer is generally low, and frequently obſcene; his ridicule, from being miſapplied, rather diſguſts his reader, than vilifies his object; and that odium, which in the wickedneſs of his heart he would heap upon another, falls with juſtice upon himſelf. When we conſider the reputed elegance even to a proverb of the Athenians, it is not without aſtoniſhment that we mark the conſequence of his plays; ſcarce leſs than infatuation ſeems to have actuated the minds of his audience. By means of his worthleſs ribaldry the finger of ſcorn was pointed againſt Æſchylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, and to his too efficacious calumny Socrates paid the tribute of his life. Plutarch in his compariſon between Ariſtophanes and Menander, obſerves of the former, "that his language is tumid, full of ſtage trick, and illiberality, which is never the caſe with Menander—The man of ſcience is offended and vulgarity delighted. He, however, obtained popularity by exerciſing his

his wit againſt the tax-gatherers; he is remarkable (adds he) for having ſo diſtributed his ſpeeches, that there is no difference whether a father ſpeaks or a ſon, a ruſtic or a deity, an old man or a hero. In Menander it is directly the oppoſite." But the violence with which Plutarch condemns the writings of Ariſtophanes may perhaps diſcover that his judgment was ſomewhat biaſſed by his indignation againſt the Author. Thus far, however, on all ſides will be readily granted, that could the fate of Menander and Ariſtophanes have been reverſed, it is probable, Comedy would have found a ſtandard of taſte inſtead of a precedent for licentiouſneſs, and uſing ſuch example would have proved herſelf the mirror of truth inſtead of the vehicle of calumny. The reader who has diſcretion enough to look upon Ariſtophanes as the ſkilful advocate in a bad cauſe, may be entertained by his writings, and not prejudiced by his opinions. But we are too apt to ſubſcribe without examination to the dicta of acknowledged abilities:—There is little trouble in this, but much danger.

Of the Roman Satiriſts we may ſpeak more favourably than perhaps of any ſet of writers, who have adorned any country. The habits of their lives in general gave a ſanction to the gravity of their doctrines. The conduct of Plautus was no diſgrace to his writings; Lucilius

lius gave no precepts of virtue to others, which he did not exemplify in himſelf; and to that beſt writer of the moſt accompliſhed age, Horace, who ſhall deny the meed of praiſe, which the teſtimony of his own times declared his due, and the univerſal conſent of ſucceeding ages has ratified and confirmed? Equal to him in ſtrength of mind, and in virtue by no means inferiour were Juvenal and Perſius; yet they had not that art and judgment, the poſſeſſion of which has made Horace more read and admired, and the want of which has made themſelves more neglected.

The policy of the Gauls, and the terrors of the Baſtile, have, no doubt, while they curbed the licentiouſneſs of a gay and lively nation, at the ſame time depreſſed the ardour of many ingenious Satiriſts:—That this has been the caſe, the world has little cauſe to lament, ſince the few who have diſcovered themſelves in that country, ſeem rather deſirous of eſtabliſhing a reputation for themſelves, than zealous for the promotion of virtue. They are content to be called good writers, without ambition to be accounted virtuous men.

In order to review ſome of the beſt Satiriſts of our own nation, we muſt paſs over the bigotry of one age, in which Milton ſeems to have preſided, and the profligacy of another, in which this land exchanged the horrors of civil war, and inteſtine diſcords, for the vicious luxuries

luxuries of an illſpent peace, which were ratified by the countenance, encouragement, and example of a King. The wits of this age were conſiſtent in their lives and writings, and immorality was the characteriſtic of both. They ſeem to have agreed as it were with univerſal conſent, that a tale of humour was ſufficient knowledge, good-fellowſhip ſufficient honeſty, and a reſtraint from the extremes of vice, ſufficient virtue.

If we deſcend to what has been called the Auguſtan age of Engliſh literature, we ſhall find the ſatirical works of that time will not bear a very near inſpection. It is a lamentable truth, that the ſame pen which had been ſo often and ſo ſucceſsfully employed in the cauſe of virtue: which had given immortality to the Man of Roſs, and the compliment of truth to Addiſon, was unwarily led into an attempt to pluck the laurels from the brow of Bentley, and to gratify an unmanly malevolence in the publication of the Dunciad.

The cenſures of Swift ſeem to have been marked by habitual ill-nature, and the compliments of Young, by an habitual want of diſcrimination. And it generally happens, that the cenſures of ſuch Satiriſts, and the commendations of ſuch panegyriſts, keep an equal balance, both weighing—nothing.

Nothing

Nothing has, I believe, been more frequently an object of ill-placed ridicule than Learning, which before it can appear ridiculous, muſt be miſnamed Pedantry. Every Homer has his Zoilus; and every Zoilus, like Homer's, is remembered only to be deſpiſed. Whatever effect the attacks of Ariſtophanes upon the Tragœdians of his day might have toward vitiating the taſte of his countrymen, poſterity have ſeemed willing to do juſtice to thoſe works, in the admiration of which the wiſeſt and beſt men of all ages have united.

I am inclined to believe that the learning of Dr. Bentley loſt no admirers from the attacks of Pope, or the inſinuations of Swift; and an inſtance taken from times nearer our own, will, perhaps, place the odium of malevolent ſatire in a ſtronger light. To the truth of this every one can bear witneſs, who is acquainted with thoſe attacks which have been made by Churchill and others upon Johnſon. That great writer—who, as he was a man, could not but err, and as he was a wiſe man, could not perſiſt in error; who was no feeble or time-ſerving moraliſt, but the firm and ſyſtematic teacher and practiſer of virtue:—He has ſhewn us, that the ſhafts of malevolence may be turned aſide, however keenly pointed, or however deeply empoiſoned. The reader of Lexiphanes is excited to laugh without approbation, and the

the attack of Churchill remains a melancholy inſtance of proſtituted wit. What ſhall we ſay of thoſe, who, offended by no public and growing vice, provoked by no private wrongs, in deliberate wantonneſs ſport with the characters of their neighbours, whom they hold out to unjuſt ridicule, and unmerited reproach. It is but a weak apology for the baſeneſs of their hearts, that the produce of their pens may afford amuſement to the idle, and gratification to the malevolent. But our reflections upon this ſubject will be too applicable to many of thoſe publications which are the diſgrace and entertainment of the times in which we live.—In the commendation of ſuch men, let all thoſe join who have learnt from the writings of Shaſteſbury, that ridicule is the teſt of truth; or from the conduct of Voltaire, that calumny is a cardinal virtue.

No. 22.——SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 11, 1787.

The Briton ſtill with fearful Eye foreſees,
What Storm or Sunſhine Providence decrees.
Knows for each Day the weather of our Fate;
A Quid nunc is an Almanack of State.
YOUNG'S SATIRES.

AMONG the various Employments which engage the Attention of Mankind, it is not unpleaſant to conſider their Topics of Converſation. Every Country has ſome peculiar to itſelf, which, as they derive their Origin from the Eſtabliſhment of Cuſtom, and the Predominance of national Pride, are permanent in their Duration, and extenſive in their Influence. Like ſtanding Diſhes, they form the moſt ſubſtantial Part of the Entertainment, and are ſerved up at the Table both of the Rich and Poor. The Dutchman talks inceſſantly of the Bank of Amſterdam, the Italian of the Carnival, the Spaniard of a Bull Fight, and the Engliſh of Politics and the Weather.

That

That theſe laſt mentioned Topics ſhould gain ſo great an Aſcendency over the Engliſhman, is by no Means a Subject of Wonder. In a Country, where the Adminiſtration may be changed in Half a Year, and the Weather may alter in Half a Minute, the quick and ſurpriſing Viciſſitudes muſt neceſſarily rouſe the Attention, and furniſh the moſt obvious Materials for Converſation. From the Influence of that Gravity which is remarked by Foreigners to be the Characteriſtic of the Inhabitants of Britain, they are diſpoſed to view theſe endemical Subjects in a gloomy Light, and to make them the Parents of ſullen Diſſatisfaction, and ideal Diſtreſs. John Bull, with a contracted Brow, and ſurly Voice, complains that we have April in July, and that the greateſt Patriots are ſhamefully out of Place. All this may be very true, but if his Worſhip could be perſuaded to confeſs his Feeling, he would acknowledge, that the Gratification of complaining is far from inconſiderable, and that if theſe Topics, on which he vents his Spleen, were taken from him, little would remain to occupy his Mind, or ſet his Tongue in Motion.

Let us indulge, for a Moment, the whimſical Suppoſition, that our Climate was changed for that of Italy, and our Government for that of the Turks; the Conſequences are eaſy to be foreſeen—a general Silence would reign throughout

throughout the Iſland, from Port Patrick to the Land's End. We ſhould be all well qualified for the School of Pythagoras. Our Silence, indeed, would ſcarcely be limited like that of his Scholars to five Years. Every Houſe in England would reſemble the Monaſtery of La Trappe, where the Monks are no better than walking Statues. The only Talkers among us would be Phyſicians, Lawyers, Old Maids, and Travellers. The Phyſician might fatigue us with his Materia medica, the Lawyer with his Qui tam Actions, the Old Maid with difficult Caſes at Cards, and the Traveller with the Dimenſions of the Louvre without Fear of Interruption or Contradiction. We ſhould look up to them as Students to Profeſſors reading Lectures, and like poor Dido feel a Pleaſure in the Encouragement of Loquacity.

" *Iliacoſque iterum demens audire labores*
" *Expoſcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.*"

" She fondly begs him to repeat once more
" The Trojan Story that ſhe heard before;
" Then to Diſtraction charm'd in Rapture hung
" On every Word, and dy'd upon his Tongue."

PITT.

The

The Game at Whiſt would be played with uninterrupted Tranquility, and the Cry of Silence in the Courts of Juſtice might be omitted without the ſmalleſt Inconvenience. In ſhort, all the Engliſh who went Abroad would be entitled to the Compliment which was once paid a Nobleman at Paris. A lively French Marquis after having been a whole Evening in his Company without hearing him articulate a Syllable, remarked, *that Milord Anglois had admirable Talents for Taciturnity.*

Prodigality prevails in Town, and Economy in the Country, in more Inſtances than may be at firſt imagined. In Town, ſuch is the Number of Newſpapers, that the Coffee-Houſe Lounger may ſate himſelf like a Fly in a Confectioner's Shop, with an endleſs Variety. He may ſee an Event ſet in all poſſible Lights, and may ſuit it to the Complexion of his Mind, and the Sentiments of his Party. Such is the Advantage of a refined Metropolis, where Profuſion enlarges the Dominions of Pleaſure in every Direction, and ſupplies the greateſt Dainties to gratify the vitiated Appetite of Curioſity. In the Country, the Caſe is widely different. In moſt genteel Families a ſolitary Paper is introduced with the Tea-Urn and Rolls, but certain Reſtraints are laid upon the Manner of peruſing it: Half the News is read the firſt Morning, and Half is reſerved for the Entertainment

tainment of the next. The frugal Diſtribution in the Parlour is, without Doubt, adopted from ſomething ſimilar which takes Place in the Store-Room. The Miſtreſs of the Family diſpenſes the proper Quantity of Pickles and Preſerves, and then locks the Door till the following Day. Our Affairs in the Eaſt are ſettled at one time; whilſt the Burgomaſters and the Princeſs of Orange are left to their Fate till another. Enough is read to furniſh the Family with Subjects for Converſation, and as perhaps other Topics are not numerous, the Thread of Politics is ſpun very fine. Little Miſs wonders, when ſhe hears Papa adjuſt the Affairs of the Nation, that he is not a Parliament Man, and thinks that if the King were ever to hear of him, he would certainly be made Prime-Miniſter.

There is (if the Expreſſion may be allowed) a Refinement in our Fears. A rational Apprehenſion of impending Evil is the Mother of Security, but the Mind that is terrified by remote Dangers is weak and ridiculous. The Imagination is like a Magnifying-glaſs, which by enlarging the Dimenſions of diſtant Objects, makes them appear formidable. It is the Office of Reaſon to place them in their proper Situations, and to ſuggeſt, that we are not expoſed to their Effects. The Neapolitan, who lives at the Foot of Veſuvius, has juſt Cauſe for

for trembling at the Symptoms of an Eruption; but he may depend upon it, his Vines are in no Danger from the Volcanos in the Moon. The Stock-Holder may well fear the Conſequences of the Belgic Commotions. The Farmer, whoſe Hay is ſcattered over the Meadows, may, without the Imputation of Weakneſs, be vexed at the Torrents of Rain. But why ſhould the Man, who has no Concern but to walk from Cheapſide to White-Chapel, apply to his Barometer ten Times before he ventures out; or be diſturbed in his Dreams for the Safety of the Grand Signor?

A Club was once eſtabliſhed by certain Gentlemen, whoſe Minds were too much poliſhed by their Travels not to baniſh every Thing that is intereſting to John Bull. Among their Rules and Orders it was enacted, That no mention ſhould be made of the State of the Weather, or Politics, but that all their Converſation ſhould turn upon Literature and Virtu. It happened, that the Preſident of the Club, who was a pretty petit Maitre of twenty Stone, was attacked by a violent Ague. He was ſeized with a cold Fit whilſt adjuſting a Diſpute between two Dilettanti, whether the Church of *Santa Maria in Navicelli* was larger than *Santa Maria in Valicelli*. This important Argument was interrupted by the Preſident's Digreſſion in Abuſe of the Engliſh Climate, which he declared

clared was calculated for no Beings under the Sun but Draymen and Shepherds. Some of the Fraternity talked peremptorily of expelling him from the Society, for breaking their firſt Rule, and introducing a Subject which ought to be left to the Canaille. After great Animoſity, and abundant Altercation, it was finally determined to expunge the Rule, becauſe they could not engage a Party who were ſufficiently refined by Liqueurs to be freed from the Grievance of their Engliſh Conſtitutions.

It was once ſeriouſly diſcuſſed by the French Academy, whether it was poſſible for a German to be a Wit. It would be more worthy of the Sagacity of the ſame learned Body to determine, whether it be poſſible for an Engliſhman not to be a Politician. To form a right Deciſion, let them converſe with what Order of Men they pleaſe, and they will find, that the ruling Paſſion is the Regulation of the political Machine. The Ferocity which is natural to Iſlanders, may be the Reaſon of our being more diſpoſed to command than to obey. Hence it is no uncommon Caſe for a Man ſo far to miſtake his Abilities, as to talk of riding the State Horſe, when he is hardly expert enough to ſhoe him. All Perſons of all Ranks harangue as if the Secrets of the State would be beſt entruſted to their Diſcretion, as if their own Addreſs qualified them for the moſt critical Situations, and

the

the Judgment of ther Rulers ſhould be ſuſpended until ſuperior Sagacity pointed out the right Path. Whilſt the Barber ſnaps his Fingers among his Cuſtomers, he talks of managing the *Mounſeers*, and laying on Taxes without Oppreſſion. The Aldermen, at a Corporation Dinner, do the ſame over their Turbot and Veniſon. To compleat the Climax, theſe are the identical Points which perplex the Underſtandings of the King and his Counſellors in the Cabinet.

Notwithſtanding the Severity of Military Law, the different Orders of Society would ſuſtain no Injury, if, like a well-diſciplined Army, they neither broke their Ranks, nor mutinied againſt their Officers. A Family is a Kingdom in Miniature: In that domeſtic, but important Sphere of Government, every Man of common Senſe is able to preſide. The Maſter of a well regulated Houſe, is more beneficial to the State, than a Hundred political Declaimers. To curb the Paſſions, to fix religious Principles in the Minds of Children, and to govern Servants with mild Authority, all ultimately promote the beſt Intereſts of the Public. Obedience branches out into various Relations. The Debt which we demand from our Dependants, we owe to our Governors. Subordination is to a Subject, what Reſignation is to a Chriſtian. They are both admirably well cal-

culated to silence the Clamours of Party, and administer the Cordial of Content. Let the Englishman repress his Murmurs, by reflecting, that he is a Member of a Constitution which combines the Excellencies of all Governments; and that he breathes in a Climate which permits him to be exposed to the Air more Days in a Year, and more Hours in a Day, without Inconvenience, than any other in Europe.

Q.

No. 23.——SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 18, 1787.

Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum. VIRG.

AMONG the ſources of thoſe innumerable calamities which, from age to age, have overwhelmed mankind, may be reckoned, as one of the principal, the abuſe of *Words*. Dr. South has two admirable diſcourſes on the ſubject; and it is much to be wiſhed, that a continuation could be carried on, by ſome proper hand, enumerating the words, which, ſince his time, have ſucceſſively come into vogue, and been, in like manner, abuſed to evil purpoſes, by crafty and deſigning men.

It is well known what ſtrange work there has been in the world, under the name and pretence of *Reformation*; how often it has turned out to be, in reality, *Deformation*; or, at beſt, a tinkering ſort of buſineſs, where, while one hole has been mended, two have been made.

I have my eye, at preſent, on an event of this kind, which took place in very early times, and is ſuppoſed to have been productive of many and great advantages to the ſpecies; I mean the alteration brought about in the "œconomy of

human *walking*;" when man, who, according to the beſt and ableſt philoſophers, went originally on four legs, firſt began to go upon two. I hope it will be excuſed, if I venture humbly to offer ſome reaſons why I am led to doubt, whether the alteration may have been attended by all the advantages ſo fondly imagined.

There is ſomething ſuſpicious in the hiſtory given of this reformation. It is ſaid to have had the ſame origin with that aſcribed by Dr. Mandeville to the *moral virtues*. It was the "offſpring of *flattery*, begot upon *pride*." The philoſophers diſcovered, that man was proud: they attacked him in a cowardly manner, on his weak ſide, and by arguments, the ſophiſm of which it might be eaſy enough, perhaps, if there were occaſion, to unravel and expoſe, prevailed upon him to quit his primæval poſition; and, whether fairly or not, they coaxed him upon *two*. How far any good is to be expected from a reformation founded on ſuch principles, the reader muſt judge for himſelf.

By the account, with which the authors of it have furniſhed us, thus much is certain, that nothing can be more *unnatural*: and yet, ſay the philoſophers, at other times, "Whatever you do, *follow nature*;" a precept, which, in general, they ſeem very well

well diſpoſed to practiſe, to the beſt of their abilities. A child *naturally* goes on all four; and we know how difficult a matter it is, to ſet him an end, or to keep him ſo. He has not even the ſtability of a ninepin, which will ſtand, till it be bowled down. For my part, I never ſee a child's forehead with a great bump upon it, or ſwathed up in a black-pudding, leſt it ſhould receive one, but I am irreſiſtibly impelled to bewail this pretended reformation, as a moſt notorious and melancholy defection from our primitive condition.

When the two children brought up to man's eſtate, apart from all human beings, by the command of a king of Egypt, who imagined, that the language which they ſhould ſpeak muſt neceſſarily be the original language of the world;—When theſe children, I ſay, had the honour to be introduced at court, amidſt a circle of all the learned and wiſe, and noble perſonages of that celebrated country, hiſtory bears her teſtimony, that they proceeded up the drawing-room, and made their way to the royal preſence, upon *all four*. I am aware, that ſome have thought, they threw themſelves into that attitude, from the dread and awe inſpired into them by the ſight of Majeſty; others, ſtill more refined, have ſuppoſed they might have done ſo, to adapt themſelves to the employment of thoſe whom they found aſſem-

bled in that place, and be prepared either to *creep*, or to *climb*, or *both*, as opportunity offered. But I cannot apprehend, that the courſe of their education could have qualified them for ſpeculations ſo abſtruſe as theſe; and, therefore, I muſt take leave to ſay, I look upon the fact to be good evidence, that ſuch was the attitude proper to man.

I am ſtill farther confirmed in my opinion, from that ſtrong propenſity viſible in mankind, to return to it again. The poſture, into which we have been ſeduced, is productive of conſtant uneaſineſs. We are in a fidget from morning to night; to relieve us from which, the expence of chairs and ſophas is a very conſiderable tax upon our property; and, after all, we cannot compoſe ourſelves perfectly to reſt, but when recumbent upon our beds. That our ſole buſineſs is with *earth*, univerſal practice ſeems to determine. Why then ſhould we look after any thing elſe; or why be reproached with, *O curvæ in terras animæ!* eſpecially when we recollect the fate of the poor aſtronomer, who, while he was gazing at the ſtars, fell into a ditch.

It deſerves notice, that ſome of our moſt diſtinguiſhed titles of honour are borrowed from our fellow creatures, the quadrupeds, whoſe

whoſe virtues we are ambitious to emulate. An accompliſhed young gentleman of family, fortune, and faſhion, glories in the name, ſtyle, and title, of a BUCK. You cannot pay him a greater compliment, than by beſtowing on him this appellation; and, indeed, no one reaſon in the world can be aſſigned, why he ſhould walk upon *two*.

The opinion of a great commercial nation, like our own, cannot with more certainty be collected from any circumſtance than from the management of the moſt important article of finance. Now, we find that article entruſted to the care of the BULLS and BEARS. And although a BEAR, which is a quadruped, by a metamorphoſis no leſs ſudden and ſurpriſing than any in Ovid, be at times transformed into a DUCK, which is a biped, yet it is obſerved, that there is a ſomewhat aukward about him, ever after. He moves, indeed, but his motions are not as they ſhould be, and he is from thenceforth ſaid not to *walk*, but to *waddle*. It may be added, that we never hear of a *Duck* commencing dancing-maſter; whereas Captain King informs us, "the Kamtchadales are not only obliged to the *Bears* for what little advancement they have hitherto made in the *ſciences* or *polite arts*, as alſo the uſe of ſimples both internal and external; but they acknowledge them likewiſe for their *dancing-maſters*;

the *Bear-dance* among them being an exact counterpart of every attitude and geſture peculiar to this animal, through its various functions. And this dance is the foundation, and groundwork of all their other dances, and *what they value themſelves moſt upon.*"

I could have wiſhed, that one of theſe Siberian teachers had been preſent the other day, to have beſtowed a lecture upon a friend of mine, who had been inſtructed to marſhal his feet in a tolerably decent way; to move forward by advancing one before the other, and backward by ſliding one behind another; in ſhort, he had attained ſome proficiency in what Doctor South ſtiles, "that whimſical manner of ſhaking the legs, called *dancing*;" when, all at once, holding up his hands in an angle of forty-five degrees, with a countenance full of ineffable diſtreſs, and a moſt lamentable accent, he exclaimed to the maſter, "But, Sir! What ſhall I do with THESE?"

Nor is the complaint of my friend at all ſingular. For the truth is, (and why ſhould I diſſemble it?) that ſince we have left off to put our arms to their due and proper uſe of *fore-legs*, they are ever in the way, and we know not what upon earth to do with them. Some let them dangle, at will, in a perpendicular line parallel with their ſides; ſome fold them acroſs their boſom, to look free and eaſy;

eaſy; ſome kick them a-kimbo, in defiance; ſome are continually moving them up and down, and throwing them about, ſo as to be at variance with their legs, and other parts of their bodies; as was the caſe with Dr. Johnſon, when Lord Cheſterfield had like to have fallen into a *deliquium*, by looking at him, and could conſider the author of the Engliſh dictionary in no other light than that of an ill-taught poſture-maſter. Some thruſt their hands, as far as they can, into their breeches pockets. This laſt is a bad *habit* enough; becauſe they who find nothing in their own pockets (which perhaps pretty generally happens) may be tempted to try what they can find in thoſe of others. While fore-legs were in faſhion, the limbs, which are now the cauſe of ſo much embarraſſment to us, had full employment: It might be ſaid, "Every man his own horſe:" and when one conſiders the preſent extravagant price of horſes, one is induced on this account alſo to wiſh, that he had ſtill continued to be ſo.

As I am upon the ſubject of the *reformations* made in our perſons, I cannot help mentioning a little dab of one, effected in an age ſo diſtant, that no ſyſtem of chronology within my knowledge has marked the æra, much as it deſerves to have been marked. The period is altogether

unknown, when our nature was firſt de-poiled of an appendage equally uſeful and ornamental—I mean a TAIL; for with an eminently learned philoſopher of North Britain, I am moſt firmly perſuaded, that it was originally a part of our conſtitution; and that, in the eye of ſuperior beings, man, when he loſt that, loſt much of his dignity. If a conjecture might be indulged upon the ſubject (and, alas! what but conjectures can we indulge?) I ſhould be inclined to ſuppoſe, that the defalcation, now under conſideration, was coæval with the change of poſture, diſcuſſed above. No ſooner had man unadviſedly mounted on *two*, but his tail dropped off; or rather, perhaps, in the confuſion occaſioned by the change, it hitched in a wrong place, and became ſuſpended from his *head*. But, how very eaſy would it be, when *the books are open*, to make a *tranſfer*, and reſtore it to its proper ſituation? That very reſpectable perſon, whom Swift humorouſly deſcribes, as "lately come to town, and never ſeen *before* by any body," has been known, upon ſome occaſions, to have appeared in a *tye-wig*; which, doubtleſs, was his full-dreſs, for balls, and other public aſſemblies. But by way of light and airy morning diſhabille, no one can doubt of his looking admirably well in a *queue*.

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I am ſenſible this is a topic which requires to be treated with the utmoſt caution and delicacy; and, therefore, feeling the ground to tremble under me, I ſhall not venture to advance farther upon it; but from the diſpoſition prevalent among us to copy the manners of creatures ſo much our inferiors, I ſhall conclude by encouraging my readers to hope, the time cannot be very far diſtant, when we ſhall all have our *tails* again, and once more go upon *all four*.

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No. 24.——SATURDAY, *August* 25, 1787.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum
Nœnia.——

HOR.

IF all the qualities of the mind, or habits of life which are found to be the moſt adverſe to religion, to chriſtian virtue and ſpiritual hope, were to be enumerated, a ſelfiſh ſordid temper would not appear the laſt upon the liſt. I do not mean by theſe expreſſions to point out, in groſs terms, a baſe avarice, an hardened churliſh nature, or the diſingenuous craft of men devoted to the world; but to expoſe a diſpoſition artfully covered from contempt, recommended by careful inſtruction, and undeſervedly reſpected by the world.

We are in haſte to withdraw the minds of the young from wild and viſionary notions of pleaſure and of life: It is better, indeed, to remove ſuch notions prudently and ſeaſonably,

ably, than to wait till diſappointment ſnatches them away.—Such gay romantic ſcenes as entertain them in the books they read, ſuch pleaſing views of manners, and of perſons, elevated above the wants of life, its coarſer inconveniencies, its ſullen irkſome hours, its attendant troubles and diſeaſes, give but a falſe draught of the ſtate of man: It is true they will be contradicted by experience, by real images, by daily documents, by repeated and inevitable truth: But reaſon ſhould not be too proud in ſhaking off theſe vain and empty notions; though ſhe ſeem to riſe ſuperior to them, ſhe ſinks in fact too often much below them. The ſelfiſh reaſoner, and worldly monitor, in ſtriking at theſe phantoms, do not always teach us nobler emulations; they pluck away the weeds, and the wild flowers, but they ſow tares at laſt. Theſe are the men who faſten impudence by precept, upon honeſt natures, who rear and educate the baſer paſſions of the heart, endear them by familiar and popular names, point out their advantage, their expedience, and neceſſity: They chill the warmth of untrammelled and diſintereſted minds: They plunge themſelves, and others, into ſelfiſh ſordid habits and opinions, in order to avoid the folly or the inconvenience of thoſe which are childiſh or imaginary: they put away airy pleaſures and ſpeculations to addict themſelves

ſelves to actual groſſneſs. But can we continue the dreams of fancy to the end of our lives? no more than we can the games and amuſements of children. The light of experience will baniſh them;—we ſhall awake, and find they are gone. But the knowledge of this truth, as it is applied by ſelfiſh worldly men, does not improve the mind; it rather injures and contracts it.—The ridicule thrown upon falſe pleaſure and ideal amuſements, leads the way to real ſenſuality: The fear of being deluded and impoſed upon, firſt abates the warmth of true benevolence, and at laſt furniſhes an excuſe for ſelfiſhneſs and avarice. What then do they gain too often by their boaſted experience, by their ſagacity and emancipation, but ſuſpicious hearts, narrow minds, groſs ideas inſtead of fanciful ones, real errors, genuine arrogance, and ſubſtantial ambition? and yet a paradox obtains too here, for this real, this ſubſtantial, this preſent, this immediate fruition is more a nothing than the other; deceives us more by univerſal teſtimony; hurts us more; is more a ſhadow; more a dream; and has an iſſue infinitely worſe, for we do not wake to a new choice, but to well-earned covenanted evils, to woes legitimate and permanent.

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We are ſenſible how delightful the fantaſtic images preſented to us in our youth are, by the recollection of them at any ſubſequent period of our lives, when we acknowledge them as true ſources of pleaſure, though we cannot recur to them. Reaſon compounds her judgments of different materials: whatever is unnatural can neither pleaſe nor edify; it cannot pleaſe, becauſe the ſober mind can only be intereſted by truth: it cannot edify, becauſe ſo little of it can apply to ourſelves, or others. There are men, indeed, who under cover of a kind of wiſdom, ſecretly and indirectly deride all eminent degrees of virtue, as romantic and impracticable: if you talk to them of pleaſures or of hopes that do not meet the ſenſes, they will turn them into ridicule: if you ſpeak to them of tenderneſs, of charity, and zeal, they will demonſtrate to you how unfit they are for the purpoſes of life. The young man, in his firſt contempt of wealth, provokes the ſmile of ſuch ſelfiſh and prudent veterans, and after awhile falls, perhaps, into wiſer notions, or, according to the language of the world, he learns the value of that which he deſpiſed; but, unfortunately, he often learns to value it in a very groſs way, either for its own ſake, which is a change from folly to delirium, or for the luxuries and pleaſures it adminiſters, or the conſequence it gives, which is, to ſay the leaſt,

a change

a change not for the better: the juvenile and filly inexperience in the firſt inſtance, is ill ſupplanted by the laſt inveterate attachment.—But to draw nearer to the mark and end of theſe reflections, it is clear, that ſuch imaginary purſuits, ſuch wild and empty viſions, as they are properly enough denominated, ſuch a temper of mind, occupied in fanciful notions, will be found leſs abhorrent from what is truly excellent, will be more eaſily converted into right and lively impreſſions of what is really deſirable and eminent, than that well-compacted, that proud and ſenſual diſpoſition, which is confirmed by ſolid enjoyment, ſuch as it is, by the real fruits of worldly prudence, of temporal acquiſitions, temporal gratification, or temporal diſtinction. The wild conceits and ſpeculations of the young, diſcloſe a taſte for ſome ſuperior kinds of pleaſure, which is ſupported by the fancy before it finds a truer foundation.

To point out that foundation, is the ultimate deſign of theſe remarks, and ſome ſmall profit might poſſibly accrue, could I perſuade my readers to recollect, that all theſe exquiſite and refined pleaſures of the mind, all theſe ſcenes of true delight, the hope and expectation of cloudleſs and unfading happineſs, may, indeed, be realized to us, even in the preſent ſtate of things; that all the pureſt and beſt faculties

culties of the ſoul, may indeed be kept elevated above the tranſient and embarraſſed, the ſordid, homely ſcene of temporal viciſſitudes and exigencies; that there are proſpects far more raviſhing than all the pages of romance could ever deviſe, yet neither fictitious nor inacceſſible, but truly, properly, ſuch as concerns and intereſts us, and may be our inheritance, and our portion.

H.

No. 25.——SATURDAY, *September* 1, 1787.

Decipimur ſpecie.

THERE are, I believe, no paths of literature ſo beſet with difficulties as definition and biography. Of difficulties unſurmounted in biography we have lamentable inſtances in thoſe adventurers who have attempted to write the life of Johnſon; and the errors of definition are ſufficiently apparent in thoſe, who have laboured to inſtruct the world wherein conſiſts true politeneſs.

From the writings of Lord Cheſterfield we collect that politeneſs conſiſts in the nameleſs trifles of an eaſy carriage, an unembarraſſed air, and a due portion of ſupercilious effrontery. The attainment of theſe perfections is the grand object to which the ſon of many a fond and fooliſh parent is directed, from whoſe conduct one might reaſonably ſuppoſe they thought every accompliſhment neceſſary or orna-

ornamental to man, attainable through the medium of the Taylor, the Hair-dreſſer, and the Dancing-maſter; reſerving only for the mind ſuch ſalutary precepts as may tend to inſpire pertneſs and inſolent confidence.

In the Galateo of the * Archbiſhop of Benevento are contained all the rules which are neceſſary to introduce a perſon into company, and to regulate his behaviour when introduced. Yet I cannot but think the plan of this, and every other treatiſe, too much confined, which would inform us, that it is the principal end of this qualification to fix the minutiæ of dreſs, and reduce manners to a ſyſtem. He is ſuppoſed to have attained the ſummit of politeneſs, who can take an apparent intereſt in the concern of people for whom he has no regard; be earneſt in enquiries after perſons for whoſe welfare he is not ſolicitous; and diſcipline his bow, his ſmile, and his tongue, to the rules of ſtudied grimace, and agreeable inſipidity. Thus, that politeneſs of which we hear ſo much, the race which every toothleſs dotard has run, and the goal to which every beardleſs fool is haſtening, is only an hypocritical ſhew of feelings we do not poſſeſs; an art by which we conciliate the favour of

* Monſign. Giovanni de la Caſa.

others

others to our own intereſt.—The two characters which are generally contraſted with each other in order to ſhew the perfection of politeneſs, and the extreme of its oppoſite, are the Soldier and the Scholar: The former is exhibited to us with all the ornament of graceful manners and bodily accompliſhments, with the advantages of early intercourſe with the world, and the profit of obſervation from foreign travel. The advantages here enumerated will, I fear, upon a nearer ſurvey of them, appear viſionary and unſubſtantial, and not ſuch as are likely in the end to juſtify the hopes of thoſe who, in the great love for their country, remove their ſons from ſchool before they can have anſwered any end for which they were ſent thither; and produce them to the world before they can have any fixed principle to be the guide of their conduct. They make obſervations, of which ignorance and wonder are the ſource; they form opinions in which judgment has no ſhare; they travel, and he who ſets out a Mummius is fooliſhly expected to return home a Cæſar. In enumerating the diſadvantages under which the Scholar labours, we are reminded, that a ſtudious and ſedentary life, are too apt to generate peeviſh and moroſe habits, the bane of ſociety, and the torment of their own poſſeſſor. We are told, that the Student, receiving no impreſ-

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ſions but ſuch as books are likely to make, cannot apply his obſervations to the uſage of common life; that he forms Utopian opinions, and is ſurprized to find they cannot be realized; that he becomes jealous of the dignity of literature, for which the world ſeems to have too little reſpect; and that the life, which was begun with the hopes of excelling in thoſe purſuits wherein he finds few competitors, is at length concluded in the diſappointment of expected reputation; or the ſcarce more ſenſible gratification of triumphs thinly attended, and applauſes partially given. In ſuch colours is the ſtudious man painted to us, by our Arbiters of elegance, who, in their obliging zeal for the regulation of our manners, confound learning with pedantry; and under pretence of removing from us a trifling evil, would rob us of a ſubſtantial good.

"Learning," ſays Shenſtone, "like money, may be of ſo baſe a coin, as to be utterly void of uſe; or if ſterling, may require good management to make it ſerve the purpoſes of ſenſe and happineſs." What Shenſtone has here with truth affirmed *may* be, there are others who have ventured with ſome confidence to declare *muſt* be.

True as it is, it would no doubt appear a paradox to many, ſhould any one affirm, that the ſureſt method of attaining politeneſs, is to

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ſeek it through the medium of literature. We ſhould have thought leſs of the politeneſs of Cæſar, but for the author of his commentaries; Chriſton would not have been called the mirror of politeneſs, merely for his ſkill in the tournament, nor would "Grenville the polite" have been the theme of Mr. Pope's ſong, for his addreſs in entering a room. The truth is, we miſtake a mental qualification for a bodily one. We expect politeneſs to be conveyed to us with our coat from the taylor, or that we may extract it from the heel of a dancing-maſter, when in fact it is only to be obtained by cultivating the underſtanding, and imbibing that ſenſe of propriety in behaviour, with which the deportment of the body has but at beſt a ſecondary concern. I know not why it is, but from our miſinterpretation of the world, that politeneſs, when applied to a virtuous action, immediately becomes ridiculous: Who would not ſuppoſe, the chaſtity of the Roman General ironically commended, who ſhould call that the politeneſs of Scipio, which others have called his continence? —— Or would not the congregation of a grave Divine be ſomewhat ſurprized to hear their preacher celebrating the politeneſs of the good Samaritan? Yet theſe acts are the ſubſtance of that virtue, to whoſe ſhadow we compliment away our rights and opinions, frequently

quently our honeſty, and ſometimes our intereſts.

"Politeneſs, ſays a good author of our own time, is nothing more than an elegant and concealed ſpecies of flattery, tending to put the perſon to whom it is addreſſed in good humour and reſpect with himſelf."

It is rather, in my opinion, the badge of an enlightened mind, and if not a poſitive virtue in itſelf, it is at leaſt a teſtimony that its poſſeſſor has many qualifications which are really ſuch.——It lives in every article of his conduct, and regulates his behaviour on every occaſion, not according to the whimſical and capricious rules of faſhion, but according to ſome fixed principles of judgment and propriety.—It prevents the impertinence of unſeaſonable joking, it reſtrains wit which might wound the feelings of another, and conciliates favour, not by "an elegant and concealed flattery," but by a viſible inclination to oblige, which is dignified and undiſſembled. To the acquiſition of this rare quality ſo much of enlightened underſtanding is neceſſary, that I cannot but conſider every book in every good ſcience, which tends to make us wiſer, and of courſe better men, as a treatiſe on a more enlarged ſyſtem of politeneſs, not excluding the experiments of

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Archimedes, or the elements of Euclid.—— It is a juſt obſervation of Shenſtone, that a fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor ſtand, nor walk, nor in ſhort laugh, nor cry, nor take ſnuff, like a man of ſenſe.

No. 26.——SATURDAY, *September* 8, 1787.

WHEN I have had the good fortune to light upon any ſubject which has been reliſhed by the nice diſcerning palate of the public, it is my cuſtom to try whether ſomething more cannot be made of it: for having entered upon buſineſs with a moderate ſtock only in trade, it is expedient for me to huſband it well, and to throw nothing away that can be uſed again. Being born with an antipathy to plagiariſm, *I will be free to confeſs*, (as gentlemen expreſs it, in the Houſe of Commons) that I took the hint from my landlord of the Red Lion at Brentford; who, when ſome punch was called for, and there was no more fruit in the houſe, was overheard to ſay, in a gentle voice, to Mrs. Bonnyface, "Betty Ca'ſn't give the old lemons t'other ſqueeze?"

I have demonſtrated, upon a former occaſion —I ſhould hope, to the ſatisfaction of every impartial perſon in Great Britain—the manifold advantages accruing to the community from the multiplication of newſpapers among us. It has ſince occurred to me, that ſome directions

might be given, as to the beſt method of reading a newſpaper with profit and advantage. I mean not, whether it ſhould be read longitudinally, latitudinally, or tranſverſely; though very great additions have been made to ſcience by experiments of this kind; but how it may be rendered productive of reflections in different ways, which will prove of real ſervice in life.

I was not a little pleaſed, the other day, upon paying a viſit to the houſe of a perſon of diſtinction in the country, to find the family aſſembled round a large table, covered with maps, and globes, and books, at the upper end of which ſat a young lady like a profeſſor reading from the chair. In her hand ſhe held a newſpaper. Her father told me, he had long accuſtomed her, while reading one of thoſe vehicles of intelligence, to acquaint herſelf with the ſeveral towns and countries mentioned, by turning to the names in Salmon's *Gazetteer*, and then finding them out upon the globe, or a map; in which ſhe was become ſo great a proficient, as to be at that time in truth giving a lecture in geography to her younger brothers and ſiſters. It was in his farther attention, he ſaid, that from Campbell's *Preſent State of Europe*, ſhe ſhould acquire a ſufficient knowledge of the hiſtory of the kingdoms around us, as well as our own, to form an idea of their importance

and

and intereſts reſpectively, and the relations each bears to the reſt. Verily, thought I to myſelf, this is reading a newſpaper to ſome purpoſe!

Children, very early in life, are eager for a ſight of the newſpaper. By being called upon, in a free and eaſy way, for ſome little account of what is in it, they may be gradually brought to read with attention, and to fix upon thoſe articles which are moſt worthy of attention; as alſo to remember what they have read, from one day to another, and put things together.

While we are in the world, we muſt converſe with the world; and the converſation, in part, will turn on the news of the day. It is the firſt object we begin upon; a general introduction to every thing elſe. All mankind, indeed, are but brethren, and we are intereſted, or ought to be intereſted, in their pleaſures and their pains, their ſufferings, or their deliverances, throughout the world. Accounts of theſe ſhould produce in us ſuitable emotions, which would tend to the exerciſe of different virtues, and the improvement of our tempers. We ſhould accuſtom ourſelves hereby to rejoice with thoſe who do rejoice, and ſympathiſe with thoſe who mourn.

When any country is likely to become the theatre of remarkable events and revolutions (as, for inſtance, Holland, at the preſent moment) it is worth one's while to refreſh one's

memory with the hiſtory of that country, its conſtitution, and the changes it has heretofore undergone, the nature and diſpoſition of the people, &c.—a ſort of knowledge which is ſure to be called for. The man who makes himſelf perfect and correct in it, will gain credit, and give pleaſure, in every company, into which he may happen to fall.

Whatever inſtruction is reaped from hiſtory, may be reaped from a newſpaper, which is the hiſtory of the world for one day: It is the hiſtory of that world in which we now live, and with which we are, conſequently, more concerned than with thoſe which have paſſed away, and exiſt only in remembrance; though, to check us in our too fond love of it, we may conſider, that the preſent likewiſe will ſoon be paſt, and take its place in the repoſitories of the dead.

There is a paſſage in the *Night Thoughts*, which I cannot reſiſt the temptation of tranſcribing, as it contains one of the moſt aſtoniſhing flights of the human imagination, upon this awful and important ſubject, the tranſient nature of all ſublunary things

Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires;
His tomb is mortal; empires die; where, now,
The Roman, Greek? They ſtalk, an empty name!

Yet

Yet few regard them in this uſeful light,
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O *death!* I ſtretch my view; what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! Toils imperial! Arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſp'ring faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect, as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride;
The wiſdom of the wiſe, and prancings of the great.

NIGHT IX.

Accounts of the moſt extraordinary events in old time are now peruſed by us with the utmoſt indifference. With equal indifference will the hiſtory of our own times be peruſed by our deſcendants; and a day is coming, when all paſt tranſactions will appear in the ſame light, thoſe only excepted, by a conſideration of which we have been made wiſer and better.

Theſe are few, perhaps, by which we may not become ſo.

What nobler employment for the human mind, than to trace the deſigns of Providence in the riſe and fall of empires; the overthrow of one, and the eſtabliſhment of another upon its ruins: to watch diligently the different ſteps by which theſe changes are effected: to obſerve the proceedings of the great ruler of the univerſe, always in ſtrict conformity to the rules with which he himſelf has furniſhed us: to behold generals with their armies, and princes with their people, executing *his* counſels, while purſuing their own: to view upon the ſtage of the world, thoſe ſcenes which are continually ſhifting, the different actors appearing in ſucceſſion, and the gradual progreſs of the drama, each incident tending to develope the plot, and bring on the final cataſtrophe?

In the midſt of theſe ſecular commotions, theſe conflicts of contending nations, it is uſeful to obſerve the effects produced by them on the ſtate of religion upon the earth; while, among the powers of the world, ſome protect, and others perſecute: ſome endeavour to maintain it in its old forms, and others wiſh to introduce new; all perhaps, more or leſs, aim at converting it into an engine of ſtate, to ſerve their own purpoſes, and to avail themſelves of that influence which it muſt always have on the minds of men. Above and beyond theſe human machinations, a diſcerning eye ſees the controuling

trouling power of heaven; Religion preſerved amidſt the tumultuous fluctuations of politics; and the Ark ſailing in ſafety and ſecurity on the waters which threatened to overwhelm it.

When we read of the events taking place in our own country, the ſubjects become more intereſting, and we are in danger of having our paſſions rouzed and fomented. Let us therefore be upon our guard, judging of nothing by firſt reports, but awaiting the calmer hour of reaſon preparing to decide on full information. For the proſperity of our country let us be thankful and grateful; in its adverſity, ſorrowful and penitential; and careful to correct our own faults, before we cenſure thoſe of others.

With reſpect to individuals and their concerns, examples (and they are not wanting among us) of piety, charity, generoſity, and other virtues, ſhould effectually ſtir us up to copy, to emulate, to ſurpaſs them; to join, ſo far as ability and opportunity will permit, in deſigns ſet on foot for the promotion of what is good, the diſcouragement and ſuppreſſion of what is otherwiſe. And here, there is great choice: many ſuch deſigns are on foot; and let thoſe, who have talents for it, bring forward more. All are wanted.

The follies, vices, and conſequent miſeries of multitudes, diſplayed in a newſpaper, are ſo many admonitions and warnings, ſo many

beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which *they* have been ſhipwrecked. What more powerful diſſuaſive from ſuſpicion, jealouſy, and anger, than the ſtory of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual againſt gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a deſpairing ſuicide? What finer lecture on the neceſſity of œconomy, than an auction of eſtates, houſes, and furniture, at Skinner's, or Chriſtie's?—"Talk they of morals?" There is no need of Hutcheſon, Smith, or Paley. Only take a newſpaper, and conſider it well; read it, and it will inſtruct thee, *Plenius et melius Chryſippo et Crantore.*

A newſpaper is, among other things, a regiſter of mortality. Articles of this kind ſhould excite in our minds reflections ſimilar to thoſe made by one of my predeceſſors, on a ſurvey of the tombs in Weſtminſter Abbey. They are ſo juſt, beautiful, and affecting, that my reader, I am ſure, will eſteem himſelf under an obligation to me for bringing them again into his remembrance, by cloſing this paper with a citation of them.

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate deſire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents

parents upon a tomb-ſtone, my heart melts with compaſſion; when I ſee the tomb of the parents themſelves, I conſider the vanity of grieving for thoſe whom we muſt quickly follow; when I ſee kings lying by thoſe who depoſed them, when I conſider rival wits placed ſide by ſide, or the holy men that divided the world with their conteſts and diſputes, I reflect with ſorrow and aſtoniſhment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the ſeveral dates of the tombs, of ſome that died yeſterday, and ſome ſix hundred years ago, I conſider that great day when we ſhall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together." *

* Spectator, Vol. I. No. 26.

Z z.

No. 27.——SATURDAY, *September* 15, 1787.

Mores hominum multorum videt & urbes.
HORACE.

The grown Boy, too tall for School,
With Travel finiſhes the Fool.
GAY's FABLES.

WE are informed by Plutarch, that Lycurgus forbad the Spartans from viſiting other countries, from an apprehenſion that they would contract foreign manners, relax their rigid diſcipline, and grow fond of a form of government different from their own. This law was the reſult of the moſt judicious policy, as the compariſon made by a Spartan in the courſe of his travels would neceſſarily have produced diſaffection to his country, and averſion to its eſtabliſhments. It was therefore the deſign of the rigid legiſlator to confirm the prejudices of his ſubjects, and to cheriſh that intenſe flame of patriotiſm which afterwards blazed out in the moſt renowned exploits.

So

So propitious is the Britiſh government to the rights of the people, ſo free is its conſtitution, and ſo mild are its laws, that the more intimate our acquaintance with foreign ſtates is, the more reaſon we find to confirm our predilection for the place of our birth. Our legiſlature has no neceſſity like that of the Spartan Republic to ſecure the obedience of its ſubjects by making ignorance an engine of ſtate. But although England may riſe ſuperior in the compariſon with foreign countries, it is much to be wiſhed, that its pre-eminence was more frequently aſcertained by cool heads and mature underſtandings; and that ſome check was given to the general cuſtom of ſending youths abroad at too early an age. Innumerable inſtances could be adduced to prove, that ſo far from any ſolid advantages being derived from the practice, that it is generally pregnant with great and incurable evils. As ſoon as boys are emancipated from School, or have kept a few terms at the Univerſity, they are ſent to ramble about the Continent. The critical and highly improper age of nineteen or twenty, is uſually deſtined for this purpoſe. Their curioſity is eager and indiſcriminate; their paſſions are warm and impetuous; their judgment merely beginning to dawn, and of courſe inadequate to the juſt compariſon between what they have left at home, and what they obſerve abroad. It is vainly expected by their parents, that the authority,

thority of their tutors will reſtrain the ſallies of their ſons, and confine their attention to proper objects of improvement. But granting every tutor to be a Mentor, every pupil is not a Telemachus. The gaiety, the follies, and the voluptuouſneſs of the Continent addreſs themſelves in ſuch captivating forms to the inclinations of youth, that they ſoon become deaf to the calls of admonition. No longer confined by the ſhackles of ſcholaſtic or parental reſtraint, they launch out at once into the wide ocean of faſhionable indulgence. The only check which curbs the young gentleman with any force, is their father's threat, to withhold the neceſſary remittances. The ſon, however, expoſtulates with ſome plauſibility, and repreſents that this ſtyle of living introduces him into the brilliant circles of the gay and great, among whom alone can be obtained the graces of poliſhed behaviour, and the elegant attainments of genteel life. How much he has improved by ſuch refined intercourſe is evident on his return home. He can boaſt of having employed the moſt faſhionable Taylor at Paris, of intriguing with ſome celebrated Madame, and appearing before the Lieutenant de Police for a drunken fray. He may, perhaps, more than once have loſt his money at the Ambaſſador's card parties, ſupped in the ſtables at Chantilli; and been introduced to the Grand Monarque at Verſailles. The acquiſitions he has made are

ſuch

ſuch as muſt eſtabliſh his character, among thoſe who have never travelled, as a virtuoſo and a bon Vivant. By great good fortune he may have brought over a Paris watch, a counterfeit Corregio, and a hogſhead of genuine Champagne. But it is well if his mind be not furniſhed with things more uſeleſs than thoſe which he has collected for his pocket, his drawing-room, and his cellar. He has, perhaps, eſtabliſhed a kind of commercial treaty with our polite Neighbours, and has exchanged ſimplicity for artifice, candour for affectation, ſteadineſs for frivolity, and principle for libertiniſm. If he has continued long among the votaries of faſhion, gallantry, and wit, he muſt be a perfect Grandiſon if he return not to his native country in manners a monkey, in attainments a ſcioliſt, and in religion a ſceptic.

From the expedition of ſome travellers, we are not to conclude, that knowledge of the world may be caught with a glance; or, in other words, that they are geniuſes who "graſp a ſyſtem by intuition." They might gain as much information if they ſkimmed over the Continent with a balloon. The various places they fly through appear like the ſhifting ſcenes of a pantomime which juſt catch the eye, and obliterate the faint impreſſions of each other. We are told of a noble Roman, who could recollect all the articles that had been

been purchaſed at an auction, and the names of the ſeveral buyers. The memory of our travellers ought to be of equal capacity and retentiveneſs, conſidering the ſhort time they allow themſelves for the inſpection of curioſities.

The fact is, theſe birds of paſſage conſult more for their fame than their improvement. To ride poſt through Europe, is, in their opinion, an achievement of no ſmall glory. Like Powel, the celebrated walker, their object is to go and return in the ſhorteſt time poſſible. It is not eaſy to determine how they can more profitably employ their whiffling activity than by commencing jockies, expreſſes, or mail-coachmen.

Ignorance of the modern languages, and particularly the French, is a material obſtacle againſt an Engliſhman's reaping the deſired advantages from his travels. It is a common cuſtom to poſtpone any application to them until a few months before the grand tour is commenced. The ſcholar vainly ſuppoſes that his own moderate diligence, and his maſter's compendious mode of teaching will work wonders, by making him a compleat linguiſt. From a ſlight knowledge of the cuſtomary forms of addreſs, and a few detached words, the French language is ſuppoſed to be very eaſy. No allowance is made for the variety

variety of the irregular verbs, the nice combination of particles, the peculiar turn of fashionable phrases, and the propriety of pronunciation. The great deficiencies in all these particulars are abundantly apparent as soon as Milord Anglois lands on the other side of the channel. After venturing to tell his friends to whom he has letters of recommendation that he is *ravished* to see them, his conversation is at an end. His contracted brow, faltering tongue, and embarrassed air, discover that he labours with ideas which he wants words to express. Even the most just remarks, the most brilliant conceptions of wit, are smothered in their birth. To such a distressing case, the observation of Horace will not apply

"*Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.*"

If he can arrive after much stammering and hesitation at the arrangement of a sentence, it abounds with such blunders and anglicisms as require all the politeness even of a Frenchman to excuse. Frequent attempts will without doubt produce fluency, and constant care will secure correctness; but the misfortune is that the young traveller is employed by words, when his mind ought to be engaged with

with things. It is not leſs unſeaſonable than ridiculous, that he ſhould be perplexing himſelf with the diſtinction between *femme ſage* and *ſage femme*, when he ought to be examining the amphitheatre at Nimes, or the canal at Languedoc.

Ignorance of the languages is a great inducement to the Engliſh to aſſociate together when abroad. The misfortune of this practice is, that they ſpend their time in poiſoning each others minds with prejudices againſt Foreigners, of whom they know little from perſonal experience, and of whom they have not the laudable ambition of knowing more. Their more active employments conſiſt in ſuch diverſions as they have tranſplanted from home. The game, play at cricket, and ride races. The Frenchman grins a contemptuous ſmile at theſe exhibitions, and ſhrewdly remarks, that Monſieur John Bull travels more to divert him than to improve himſelf. Rather than give occaſion for this ridicule, our young gentlemen had better remain at home, upon their paternal eſtates, and collect their knowledge of other countries from Brydone's Tour, Moore's Travels, or Kearſley's Guides.

Q.

No. 28.——SATURDAY, *Sepeember* 22, 1787.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

——————*When I did hear*
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like Chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.——————

SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,

MANY people indulge themſelves in the too frequent introduction of what they are pleaſed to call moral ſentiment into their converſation. Whilſt they are thus endeavouring by the trite precepts of dull and ſententious gravity, to inculcate the leſſons of virtue, they oftentimes put common ſenſe to the bluſh, and generally make that ridiculous which they wiſh ſhould appear amiable.—I ſhall endeavour to illuſtrate my obſervation, by preſenting you with

with a ſhort ſketch of a relation, with whom as a boy of ſixteen in the intervals of ſchool vacation I have occaſionally ſpent a week or two.

Mr. Solomon Hatchpenny is an uncle of mine, who being moſt part of the week a Tobacconiſt in the Borough, is on Saturday and Sunday a Country Gentleman, dwelling four miles from London. He is a very good ſort of man, goes to Church every Sunday, where he ſhuts his eyes, but declares he never ſleeps; has three wigs, pays every one his own, and keeps a four wheel chaiſe. His Country-houſe, which has been greatly improved ſince he bought it, by the addition of a bow-window and a bench, ſtands within three yards of the road; and as he is unwilling to diſplay leſs grandeur than his neighbours, he has laid out his ground, conſiſting of a garden of forty-four ſquare feet, with that taſte by which the family of the Hatchpenny's has ever been diſtinguiſhed. It contains a baſon with the uſual compliment of two artificial ſwans, (which my Uncle aſſures me when he bought them were as white as alabaſter) and a gravel walk, each end of which is guarded by a paſte-board Grenadier. In the middle of his walk is a dial, from which the morning ſun is excluded by the Grenadier's Cap, and upon his houſe are three weathercocks, each pointing a different way. He generally takes an oppor-

tunity

tunity to prove to his gueſts, that his Sentinels are as exact repreſentatives of live Soldiers as can come from the hands of a Painter and Glazier, by informing them, that a Sparrow having ſettled on the ſhoulder of one of them, he heard a child, who was paſſing, exclaim, "*Look, Mama, the Corporal has caught a Bird.*" This circumſtance is to Mr. Hatchpenny a ſource of heart-felt ſatisfaction: He attributes the miſtake of the child to his own ſkill in furniſhing the deceit. He is pleaſed with the idea that he has given proof of his underſtanding in the very inſtance, which declares his want of wit.—He is an example of happineſs ariſing from ignorance, which, contrary to the lot of every other ſpecies of happineſs, no man envies in another, and no man wiſhes for himſelf. Excuſe my obſervations, and permit me to proceed. I am informed, that my uncle Solomon is a politician at the club, and amongſt his neighbours a wit; that he has been known to utter ſhrewd jokes upon the miniſtry, to quote profane rhymes from poor Robin's Almanack, and to indulge himſelf in all thoſe fanciful relaxations of the mind to which every good citizen is entitled, not conſiſtent with his trade, his underſtanding, or his taſte. It is, however, his peculia ſtud to hide every little ſally of his wit from my obſervation, and confine all converſation uttered within my hearing to morality;

rality; the eſſence of which, according to his opinion, conſiſts in gravity and a long face. This gravity I never knew my uncle relax but once, and then it was in order to tell me, that a gentleman who came to ſolicit his vote for a lectureſhip in the Borough, had abſolutely won him over from an oppoſite party, by paying a pretty compliment to his country-box, which he was pleaſed to denominate Tully's Tuſculum. I took that opportunity of making an attempt (an aukward one, I ſuppoſe, becauſe it was not underſtood) to pay the ſame kind of pretty compliment to his Tobacco warehouſes, which I begged leave to chriſten Tully's offices. My uncle and I ſometimes traverſe what he calls his premiſſes, which without much bodily exertion may be accompliſhed in ſomething leſs than four minutes and a half, but according to our plan of proceeding, it generally conſumes near an hour. The leaden ſwans (which by a very claſſical metamorphoſis are now become black) are the innocent cauſes of much impatience to me; they delay us in our journey round the premiſſes, while they furniſh my uncle with an opportunity to diſplay his diſcoveries in morality, and to deſcant upon the rapid flight of time:—"*Not ſeven years ago* (ſays he) *till next twenty-fourth of July, did I buy thoſe birds of Mr. William Dreadnought, Plumber, in Fenchurch ſtreet.—They were then as pretty bits of fowl as ever*

ever were turned out of a ſhop.—Learn from this, Nephew, that the ſtrongeſt things will decay; and conſider the rate at which time paſſes."—— "*Yes, Sir,—Sixty minutes to the hour, twelve hours to the day, and twelve months to the year.*" —"*Right, Nephew, calendar months.*" It was ſettled calendar months, and we proceeded.—The weathercocks only delayed us while we obſerved, that they were happily emblematical of the mutability of human events; that one of them wanted greaſing, and that a high ſtation was no exemption from the inconveniencies and wants of life. We now reached the gravel walk, where I ventured with all the gravity of ſpeech and countenance I could ſummon, to hint any doubts as to the propriety of having fixed up in his garden two objects which might poſſibly deceive ſome people in an opinion that they were men, when in fact they were not ſo. But to qualify my obſervation, I thought it prudent to throw in ſomething which he might underſtand as a compliment, and induce him to open his whole mind upon ſo momentous a ſubject, I told him that a petty tradeſman might pleaſe himſelf in deceptions of that kind, without the danger of miſleading any one, but that I thought it rather improper in him, to whoſe motions the world turned the eye of obſervation, who had been known never to refuſe the payment of a bill at ſight, who had never indulged

dulged himſelf beyond a Chelſea bun, and a glaſs of Herefordſhire cyder on a Sunday, and who was undoubtedly the firſt tobacconiſt in the whole ſtreet.—I ſaw my Uncle was pleaſed with my argument—He attempted rather to excuſe than defend what he had done. He confeſſed it was a deceit, yet he hoped a harmleſs one, that when he was younger than he now is, he had ſacrificed ſomething to taſte, he remembered, to ſay the truth, when he firſt put them up, that his conſcience rather miſgave him, but to quiet his apprehenſions, he had written upon each of their gun-locks, "*To prevent miſtakes, Theſe are not real men, but only ſham ones.*"

W. D. FECIT.

I was fully ſatisfied with a ſubject on which whatever arguments I might have conceived, my countenance would not ſuffer me to declare.

I left the houſe of this moral Philoſopher a few days ago with many good injunctions, which he who remembers may at leaſt be entertained, if not edified. In the laſt conference which I enjoyed with him, he delivered himſelf to me in ſomething like the following words: —"*My dear Nephew, I have your intereſt very much at heart, and ſhould be glad to ſee you as well in the world as myſelf. You are certainly much improved, and can now, I dare ſay, have a juſt value for a few maxims, which I ſhall lay down*

down for the regulation of your conduct. Truſt me, I know a little of theſe matters, old heads, and old ſhoulders; and though I ſay it that ſhoud'nt ſay it, I can tell a ſix from a nine, as well as thoſe that make ſuch a flouriſh with their wiſe pates, and empty pockets.—With regard to your ſtudies, your maſter can probably direct you as well as I can; I only adviſe you, above all things, don't puzzle your brains, and waſte your labour in writing verſes. I never knew a fellow that had a ſhilling in his pocket write verſes. You may as well expect to pick up gold under the pump at Aldgate as to get any thing by it. I caution you againſt reading novels and elegies, and all bad books. There is a book I have heard, which pretends to prove, that there is no ſuch thing as time: But this is all a ſham, and I tell you there is, and very precious it is. He who loſes it had better loſe his dinner, and to him who makes the moſt of it, 'tis as money in the ſtocks. There's a little money for you, go, and mind your book, and don't ride jack-aſſes on Sundays; for the poor beaſts ſhould have a day's reſt, and you'll only tear your beſt breeches, and incur the diſpleaſure of your maſter."

I ſhall here finiſh my account of Mr. Hatchpenny, only informing you, that he is a married man; and ſhould the patience of your readers not be quite exhauſted, I ſhall take ſome opportunity of giving you a little inſight into the character of my Aunt. She is not a moraliſt of the ſame kind exactly as her huſband, and will

will not therefore afford an example of the ſame ſpecies of folly. They ſhine in different ſpheres, and are upon moſt conſiderations better aſunder. —Tell your readers, if you pleaſe, leſt they ſhould not have obſerved it, that the dull ſolemnity of proverbial wiſdom, which conſiſts in "ſhreds of ſentences," and remnants of moral ſayings, being applicable to all occaſions, and acceſſible to all underſtandings, is no proof of wiſdom or honeſty. And let thoſe who are ſatisfied with ſuch kind of knowledge, improve their ſyſtem, by adding to it ſome excellent treatiſes from the repoſitory of Mr Newbery, *adapted to the meaneſt capacities*, "price two-pence halfpenny, adorned with cuts."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SOCRATES IN EMBRYO.

No. 29.——SATURDAY, *September* 29, 1787.

——— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius plerumque ſecat res.
HOR.

IT is wiſely ordained by the laws of England, that *the perſon of the Monarch is ſacred*; as alſo, that *the King can do no wrong*. The meaning of this laſt maxim I take to be, that if wrong ſhould happen at any time to be done, the blame is to be laid upon the adminiſtration, and not upon the King.

A friend, ſome years ago, took me into the Houſe of Commons, to attend the debates upon the opening of a Seſſion; when an honourable gentleman made ſo free with the Speech, which I had but juſt before heard moſt gracefully pronounced by his Majeſty from the throne, that my hair ſtood an end, and I was all over in a cold ſweat; till, towards the cloſe of his oration, he relieved and reſtored me, by mentioning, in a parentheſis, that the ſpeech was always conſidered, in that aſſembly, as the ſpeech of the *Miniſter*.

Sheltering myſelf, therefore, under this diſtinction, I cannot refrain from offering a few remarks on a late production, pregnant, as many are of opinion, with much miſchief to the community. The reader ſees that I mean, *A Proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and for preventing and puniſhing of vice, profaneneſs, and immorality.*

That the ſcheme propoſed ſhould be carried into execution, does not indeed ſeem probable. When we conſider how long vice, profaneneſs, and immorality, have been increaſing among us, what a powerful party they have formed, how much faſhion is on their ſide, and how very ſtrong the tide runs, the attempt may be thought to reſemble that of the man, who endeavoured to ſtop the Thames at London bridge, with his *hat*; unleſs the rich and the great would ſet the example.

I have always been an enemy to *pains and penalties*. The word *puniſhment* is a bad word; and the thing itſelf is much worſe. When once it begins, the wiſeſt man living cannot tell where it will end, or what will become of our liberties. For as the ſheep-ſtealer ſaid, "If a gentleman cannot kill his own mutton, without being hanged for it, I ſhould be glad to know what we have got by the Revolution." In ſhort, one muſt be without a noſe, not to ſmell ſomething here of arbitrary power.

The

The idea of a Sunday, unenlivened by a little innocent *play*, is a very dull and dreary one. I know a family in town, that has made the experiment. The conſequence was, that before nine in the evening, the members of it found themſelves ſo croſs, peeviſh, and out of temper, that had it not been for an early ſupper, and a glaſs of good wine, they could not have gone to bed in chriſtian charity with each other.

But much more diſtreſsful ſtill was the caſe of a lady, whoſe huſband, being in the commiſſion, had lent his aſſiſtance to ſuppreſs gaming on a Sunday, in a neighbouring public houſe. It ſtruck him, that cards on that day, in a private houſe, might not, juſt then, be quite ſo proper; and he ventured to hint as much to his lady. She had always apprehended the Goſpel to have been deſigned for the *poor*; and was aſtoniſhed to find that any thing in the Proclamation could apply to perſons of her rank in life. "The party was made, and what could be done?"—A thought, however, luckily occurred; and when the company was aſſembled, after an apology ſuitable to the occaſion, inſtead of the card tables, ſhe introduced the entertainment of *Catches and Glees*. The thing took mightily, and was judged a pretty variety. Otherwiſe, a diſappointment of ſuch a nature, ſpreading, as it muſt have done, like an electrical ſhock, through all the polite circles, might have bred bad blood, and produced a general inſurrection.

It fares with religion as with a ſhuttlecock, which is ſtricken from one to another, and reſts with none. The rich apprehend it to have been deſigned for the poor; and the poor, in their turn, think it calculated chiefly for the rich. An old acquaintance of mine, who omitted no opportunity of doing good, diſcourſed with the barber who ſhaved him, on his manner of ſpending the Sabbath (which was not quite as it ſhould be) and the neceſſity of his having more religion than at preſent he ſeemed to be poſſeſſed of. The barber proceeding in his work of lathering, replied, that he thought he had *tolerably well for a barber*; as, in his apprehenſion, one third of the religion neceſſary to ſave a gentleman, would do to ſave a barber.

I mention this, becauſe I have received a letter of conſiderable length, praying redreſs of grievances, from a perſon who lets lodgings in broad St. Giles's. He ſpeaks of a very ſnug and comfortable neighbourhood there, which is likely to be broken up, and diſperſed, by the Proclamation, and no body can well tell why.

He himſelf holds twenty houſes by leaſe, which are let out, ready furniſhed. Matters are conducted in a manner ſo perfectly œconomical, that though there is no more than one bed in each room, there are uſually two or three, and ſometimes even four occupiers of that one room and bed. That the furniture is of an expenſive and luxurious kind, no one can ſay;

as

as it conſiſts only of a ſtump bedſtead, a flock bed, a pair of ſheets, (frequently only one ſheet) a blanket or two, a chair or two, (generally without backs) and a grate, but moſtly without ſhovel, tongs, and poker. The ſheets are uſually marked with the name of the owner; and the words *ſtop thief*, are added, for private reaſons.

In two adjoining allies are forty more houſes, let out in like ſort to inhabitants, in number 400, conſiſting of whores, pickpockets, footpads, houſebreakers, and thieves of every deſcription, from all quarters of the town. But what then? *They* muſt have lodgings, as well as other people; and if they were to be in the ſtreets all night, it would be dangerous for the reſt of his Majeſty's ſubjects to paſs. To avoid ſuſpicion, the houſes are continually lighted, and kept open all night; and to ſhew that hypocriſy has no place there, what uſed to be practiſed only in private at *midnight*, is now practiſed in public at *midday*.

To accommodate the *poor*, there are twopenny lodging houſes. One man, in particular, makes up, every night, thirty-five beds, and takes in men and women, at twopence or threepence a night; but if a man and woman come in together, he receives one ſhilling a night for the two.

No ſociety can be under better regulations than this is. Thus, for inſtance, when a proſtitute

titute has decoyed a man, and robbed him, the miſtreſs of the houſe has half the pay and the plunder: and if one of thoſe ladies intrude upon that beat and walk, which another regards as her *excluſive right*, the matter is determined, as much greater matters are, by a *battle*.

Nor can there be reaſon to fear, that this ſociety ſhould ever become ſo numerous, as to be any annoyance to the public; ſince care is taken, that a ſufficient number is hanged, every ſeſſion, to maintain a ballance; and ſome rooms are always reſerved for the reception of the dead bodies, which are brought back, after execution, to their old lodging, till they can be otherwiſe diſpoſed of.

Such is the ſubſtance of my friend's letter, which he deſires may be communicated, through the channel of my paper, to his countrymen, that they may know what they have to expect from the preſent ſyſtem of deſpotiſm; when a few neighbours cannot live peaceably together, without being diſturbed, and hunted out, by *Proclamations*: He hopes all honeſt men will join with him in a petition for *the removal of evil counſellors*; and concludes with the old Britiſh axiom, *My houſe is my caſtle*; under no dread, as it ſhould ſeem, of the retort courteous once made to ſuch a declaration by a magiſtrate in Oxford, of arbitrary principles; "Then, Sir, the *caſtle* ſhall be your *houſe*."

It

It is not eaſy to eſtimate the loſs which the community at large will ſuſtain by the diſſolution of this worthy neighbourhood. For if a gentleman be robbed of his watch, it muſt be replaced by another: if his portmanteau be ſtolen, he muſt buy new cloaths and linen: if his houſe be broken open, and ſtripped of its furniture, he muſt apply to the upholſterer: if he be beaten and wounded, to the ſurgeon: nay, ſhould he be even killed, the undertaker and the ſexton will be the better for it: and if the uſual quantity of gin be not conſumed, ruin muſt ſeize on thoſe who vend it. Trade muſt ſtagnate. Thus incontrovertibly doth it appear, that *private vices* (if indeed they be called vices) *are public benefits.*

I ſay, "if they may be called vices;" becauſe I do not ſee why, ſhould we ſo pleaſe, they may not be called virtues. The nature of things in themſelves is nothing: our *opinion* of them is all: and if our opinion alters, the names of things ſhould alter with it. Indeed, they do, and muſt do ſo. Thus, when two gentlemen go out with piſtols, and ſhoot each other through the head, or the heart, it is no more than *an affair of honour:* when one ſeduces the wife or the daughter of another, it is merely an *attachment:* and to cheat a man out of his eſtate, is only to *pluck a pigeon.* In the neighbourhood above deſcribed, the nomenclature is much farther advanced, and has nearly attained perfec-

tion. They have a language peculiar to themſelves, in which when they relate their tranſactions, they may have been doing what is perfectly juſt and right, for any thing we can tell to the contrary, ſince the words are not to be found in any dictionary but their own.

Here then, as ſome will think, is a more expeditious way of preventing vice, than by Proclamation; and, what is much to be deſired, of doing it without infliction of puniſhment, by the ſole and ſimple expedient of voting *vice* to be *virtue*.

The ſcheme is plauſible: but I muſt confeſs, I have my doubts. If we once vote vice to be virtue, I am afraid, that by a neceſſity of nature, *virtue*, per contra, muſt become *vice*; and ſo we ſhall but be where we were: there will ſtill be vice in the world.

When the welfare of his country is concerned, every man loves to be a little bit of a projector. On going deeper into the ſubject, I have hit upon a plan, which will make root and branch work of it, and do the buſineſs effectually.

That the effect may ceaſe, the cauſe muſt be removed. Now, what is the cauſe of vice? Moſt undoubtedly, the *law*: for, were there no law, there could be no tranſgreſſion. Aboliſh then, at once, the uſe of all law, human and divine. I grant the ſtep a bold one, requiring a miniſter of firmneſs and reſolution to take it; but

but when once taken, the advantages will be many and great.

In the firſt place, vice will, at one ſtroke, be extirpated from the face of the earth; for when a man has no law, but his own will, we may defy him to do any thing illegal. Never truſt to *moral* impoſſibility, where *phyſical* is to be had.

Secondly, it will put an end to the expence and trouble of law-ſuits; and (as equity would fall with law) to all tedious and everlaſting ſuits in Chancery, ſo much and ſo long complained of.

Thirdly, it will be a ſaving to the nation of one tenth of the produce of all the lands in England and Ireland; and, conſequently, put a ſtop to the ravages of the *White-boys* and *Right-boys*, in this latter kingdom, as well as all diſputes between miniſters and their pariſhioners, in the former; ſince, as there would be no more occaſion for reading prayers and preaching, the payment of tithes muſt, of courſe, be at an end.

Fourthly, it will procure a perpetual holiday for the gentlemen of either robe, who, in future, will have nothing to do, but to hunt, ſhoot, and play at cards. The ſame may be ſaid, reſpecting the members of both houſes of parliament.

Fifthly, it will make Sunday as cheerful a day, as any day of the week.

Laſtly, it will remove all odium from the magiſtrates, who have granted a Licence to the *Dog and Duck*.

Such are the conveniencies that would attend the execution of my plan; and after conſidering the ſubject on all ſides, for ſix hours, in my elbow-chair, I proteſt I cannot think of any inconvenience, to ſet againſt them; nor can I deviſe any method likely to be ſo effectual in redreſſing the grievances occaſioned, by the Proclamation to the *ſubject*.

It remains only, that I mention one, which may poſſibly be occaſioned by it to the *Crown*; and which, indeed, I might not have thought of, but for the viſit paid me, as I was cloſing this paper, by an honeſt farmer—"So, Robin (ſaid I to him) rare news from London! The King is to be ſerved *now* only by good and virtuous courtiers!"—"Ah, Lord have marcy upon me, Sir, (replied Robin) God bleſs his Majeſty, and grant him long to reign! But I am afraid as how he will be ſometimes obliged to HELP HIMSELF."

Z.

No. 30.——SATURDAY, *October* 6, 1787.

Difficilis, querulus.

HOR.

MY good Sir,—What's your name? Your Engliſh name, I mean: For neither I, nor the Parſon of our pariſh, knows what to make of your *Olla Podrida.* If it were Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, the Doctor ſays he could give ſome account of it: But you Oxford and Cambridge wits (eſpecially the latter) have lately got a habit of introducing half a page of Italian, French, or Spaniſh, (untranſlated) into your works, though it is five hundred to one, not one in five hundred underſtands thoſe languages. Well; but this *Olla Podrida,*—my wife thinks it means a powdering-tub, in which tongues or hams, beef and pork are ſalted and preſerved againſt Chriſtmas; as letters and eſſays, wiſe ſayings and apothegms, ſprinkled with your attic ſalt, are preſerved in your miſcellany for our winter evenings' amuſement. This, however, is my firſt Complaint; "That I don't know what to make of the title of your work."

My

My ſecond ſubject of Complaint is this: My Grandſon, who is at the Univerſity, and is your acquaintance, ſent me word that there was a new *Paper*, lately come out, which every body read; and, as a *Paper*, now-a-days, means a News-paper, I deſired him to ſend it me down: but, what was my diſappointment, when I found not a word of News in it! Not a robbery or a murder; not a forgery, a rape, or an elopement; nor, what I more wiſhed for, not a letter or even a paragraph to abuſe the Miniſtry; to reprobate the Commutation-tax or the Commercial Treaty; nor any prophetic calculation to ſooth my fancy; to demonſtrate the deſperate ſtate of this devoted Nation, and prove that we are tottering on the verge of annihilation—This, I ſay, is the object of my *ſecond* Complaint.

But *thirdly*, as your paper reaches us on a Monday morning, I comforted myſelf, at beſt, with the hopes of entertaining my wife and daughter, with ſomething cheerful and facetious, after a rigid and gloomy obſervance of the Sabbath, in conſequence of his Majeſty's Proclamation (for we have now no Card-aſſembly at our houſe, only half a dozen old Ladies who join us at Tea; and take a ſolemn retroſpect of every ſin and tranſgreſſion, which their neighbours, not themſelves, have been guilty of, the preceding week)—But even in this hope

hope I was fruſtrated: For I had juſt put on my ſpectacles, and read a few lines in your paper, when the exceſſive poignancy of your wit [Here my modeſty obliges me to omit a few words of Compliment.]

This then is my *third* but not my *laſt* Complaint; for complaining and grumbling is the only comfort I have in this World; and this, Sir, though a very old and trite topic, is the ſubject of this letter. My reaſons for troubling you I will beg leave to explain.

My Grandſon, whom I mentioned, ſpent a good part of his puerile years under my roof; and has taken it into his head that I am a very learned man (though I never had a learned education) from a cuſtom I have got of retiring from my family, many hours in the day, to my ſtudy, where I was always found, when called to dinner, with a great folio before me; and at the inſtant any one came to the door, I was juſt then turning over my leaf; and, as if I were in the midſt of my ſubject, told them I would come immediately, and ordered them to ſit down to dinner. This had the air of a profound ſtudent and deep meditation; when perhaps I was weighing my guineas, calculating my intereſt money, or my next half year's rent; or at beſt, conning over ſome of the oppoſition papers (every one of which I take in) as food for my querulous diſpoſition.

As

As I am unwilling however to diſcover to my family that I made no uſe of my pompous library, and read nothing but News-papers; and to oblige my Grandſon aforeſaid, I have ſent you a paragraph from an old author, in folio, well known in his day, which graphically deſcribes the *Diſeaſe* (for I am conſcious it is a diſeaſe) under which I myſelf and many of my neighbours labour—that of grumbling and complaining, from morning till night, from mere habit and indulgence, or for want of ſomething elſe to ſay.

The moſt important ſubject of our Complaint, is the ſtate of public affairs; for which, perhaps there *may* be ſome reaſon: But, though I have lived threeſcore years in the world, (from the days of Sir Robert Walpole to Mr. Pitt's Adminiſtration) I never knew it otherwiſe.

I have been ſettled theſe thirty years on my eſtate in the country: But neither I nor my tenant, in all that ſpace of time, have experienced one fruitful ſeaſon; or hardly one ſeaſonable day—We have been plagued with too much rain or too much dry weather: ſometimes the froſt has been too ſevere; ſometimes the winter too mild, and the corn too rank—In a bad harveſt we dreaded a famine—In a plentiful year we expected to be ruined by the *low* price of grain.

I go

I go to the coffee-houſe at our next market town—I hear the ſame grumbling and complaints. In the winter, "Bleſs me, Sir, how could you ride over the Down this cold wind? In ſummer, are not you melted with heat, or choked with duſt? In autumn, I am told it is a *naſty* fog—In the ſpring the north-eaſt winds will be the death of us."—Thus that beautiful variety, which Nature has ſo wiſely contrived for the benefit of the whole creation, is made the conſtant ſubject of murmuring and diſcontent.

I have a very good neighbour, who is an invalid; he has a ſmall pudding made for himſelf, by a particular receipt, every day of his life; I frequently dine with him; he grumbles the whole dinner-time about his pudding, but he eats it all; and his wife tells me he has done the ſame theſe ſeven years; but ſhe never knew him leave a morſel of the pudding for the children.

If you were to ſee us, with one or two more of our ſociable neighbours, over a bowl of punch, or a tankard of ale, you would compare us to the children of Iſrael, weeping by the waters of Babylon, in their captivity—ſuch a ſhaking of the head, and lifting up of hands; ſuch gloomy preſages and diſmal innuendos! "Well, I ſay nothing; but if this weather continues, God ſend we may be all alive this day three months!"

But

But every one muſt ſee daily inſtances of ſuch people, who complain from a mere habit of complaining; and make their friends uneaſy and ſtrangers merry, by murmuring at evils that do not exiſt, and repining at grievances which they do not really feel.

But this is ſufficient to introduce the character, which I mentioned, drawn by Biſhop Hall; and which proves, that the ſame evil has exiſted from the days of Solomon king of Iſrael, to thoſe of one who fancied himſelf as wiſe as Solomon, James the Firſt, King of England——"It is naught, it is naught, ſaith the buyer; but when he is gone away then he boaſteth." Thus it was in the days of Solomon: In James's reign, Dr. Joſeph Hall gives this Account of

The MALECONTENT.

"He is neither well, full nor faſting; and though he abound with Complaints, yet nothing diſlikes him but the preſent; for what he condemns while it *was*, once paſt, he magnifies, and ſtrives to recall it out of the jaws of time. What he hath he ſeeth not, his eyes are ſo taken up with what he wants; and what he ſees, he careth not for, becauſe he cares ſo much for that which is not.

"When his friend carves him the beſt morſel, he murmurs, 'That it is an happy feaſt wherein each one may cut for himſelf.' When a preſent

is

is ſent him, he aſks, 'Is *this* all? And what no *better*,' and ſo accepts it, as if he would have his friend know how much *he* is bound to him for vouchſafing to receive it.

"It is hard to entertain him with a proportionable gift. If nothing, he cries out of unthankfulneſs; if little, that he is baſely regarded; if much, he exclaims of flattery, and expectation of a large requital. Every bleſſing hath ſomething to diſparage and diſtaſte it: children bring cares; ſingle life is wild and ſolitary: Eminence is envious; retiredneſs obſcure, wealth burthenſome, mediocrity contemptible. He never is tied to eſteem or pronounce according to reaſon. Some things he *muſt* diſlike, he knows not *wherefore*, but he likes them not; and ſometimes rather than not cenſure, he will not accuſe a man of virtue—Every thing he meddleth with, he either *findeth* imperfect, or *maketh* ſo."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

B.

No. 31.

No. 31.——SATURDAY, *October* 13, 1787.

Ubi per ſocordiam, vires, tempus, ingenium, defluxere, naturæ infirmitas accuſatur.

SALLUST.

IT is the common topic of complaint amongſt Moraliſts, that Mankind is a vain and idle Race; that we aim at attainments for the enjoyment of which our nature has not qualified us; and that we ſuffer thoſe abilities which are entruſted to us, to be frittered away in mean employments, or to be eaten up by the ruſt of idleneſs.—It is thus, that in general denunciations againſt human depravity, all perſons at times indulge themſelves; ſome gratify their pride by noticing the frequency of thoſe failings, from which they conſider themſelves as exempt; and others find an opportunity of excuſing their favourite follies, by placing thoſe frailties to the account of human weakneſs which are due to their wilful neglect of right, or their headſtrong perſeverance in error. They make little haſte to repent of thoſe crimes, in the participation of which they ſee mankind ſo univerſally engaged, and fondly imagine, that in the

the general defection from virtue, the frailties of an individual are of ſmall account. While we are thus willing to impoſe upon ourſelves, apologiſing for our vices by arguments which only prove the general tendency to be vicious, every man contributes ſomething to the increaſe of this evil, of whoſe bulk and growth every man continues to complain.

Succeſsfully have the labours of thoſe wiſe men been expended, who, by their zeal for the welfare of mankind, and their accurate knowledge of human nature, have been able to furniſh the world with precepts of morality, which from their brevity are eaſily committed to memory; and from their good ſenſe and propriety convey their meaning to the minds of the moſt unenlightened. The leſſons they have left are intended to inſtruct us in the duties we owe to Religion and Society, to excite us to virtue, by ſtigmatizing vice, and to check the pride of man, by reminding him of his limited capacity. Yet the benefits thus conferred upon us, are too frequently abuſed by cunning and deſigning men. The arguments which were intended to reſtrain extravagance, are wielded for the defence of covetouſneſs, and each extreme of vice excuſes itſelf by attacking its oppoſite. The ſon of avarice, thriving in his miſery, has abundance of maxims, which he pours forth without relenting upon the votaries of heedleſs gaiety,

gaiety, and unfruitful diſſipation, who are content in return with the inſufficiency of wealth, and the folly of thoſe who ſeek it. Various are the apothegms by which Philoſophy is enabled to condemn ignorance, and ignorance is quite ſatisfied with itſelf in ridiculing the vanity of human wiſdom.

An attempt has lately been made to reſcue the lower orders of people from their extreme of ignorance, by the appropriating one day in the week to the inſtilling of religious knowledge into the minds of the young, and exciting in them a deſire of intellectual improvement. For the proſecution of this plan, ſermons have been preached, ſubſcriptions opened, and every mode of perſuaſion and encouragement been adopted that wealth, learning and benevolence could ſuggeſt. Yet to theſe laudable deſigns there have been found many enemies. Armed with the fallacies of logic, they have with ſufficient ingenuity demonſtrated to us, that the ignorance of the multitude is a public good; that to the "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," learning is injurious, or unprofitable; and that the huſbandman, and the mechanic, have other objects on which their attention is more properly engaged than wiſdom and ſcience. All the arguments which were firſt produced to reſtrain the arrogance of the *overwiſe*, are made uſe of to reconcile ignorance to its darkneſs,

darkneſs, and to hide the light from thoſe who having never enjoyed it, are little ſolicitous to acquire what they have been able ſo long to live without. Many of theſe reaſoners have anſwered ſome private end. Some have diſcovered the ſkill with which they can argue in a bad cauſe; and others, under the ſanction of ſuch reaſoning, have indulged their avarice, by ſparing their money. But let him who would prove, that ignorance is either a bleſſing or a virtue, remember, that he advances the poſition of a wicked man, which he muſt ſupport with the arguments of a fool. The ſame reaſon which informs us, that to make ſuch an attempt is unjuſt, adds the comfortable aſſurance, that to ſucceed in it is impoſſible.

There is, perhaps, ſome cauſe of complaint againſt the people themſelves, who appear too little anxious for their own welfare, who neglect to catch the opportunity which preſents itſelf of emerging from their darkneſs, and by their inattention, thwart the deſigns of thoſe who intereſt themſelves in their behalf, or render the ſucceſs of them partial and limited. There is, I believe, in the minds of the lower claſs, an almoſt univerſal prevalence of inclination to receive inſtruction from one of their own order. They chooſe rather to deal with the ſame perſon for their cabbage-nets and their chriſtianity, their pickled pork and their prayers, than receive their

their religious information from the hands of him whom learning has made more able to inform them, and who is more likely to be honeſt, if it be only that he has leſs temptation to be otherwiſe. They have no value for what they do not underſtand, and no inclination to underſtand what theſe have taught them is unprofitable, whoſe intereſt it is to flatter their ignorance, and indulge their prejudices.

There are many perſons whom betrayed confidence, or diſappointed expectation, have driven from the world to indulge in private their ill-founded reſentment againſt the Sons of Man. They leave the haunts, and "the buſy hum of Men," to brood in ſolitude over their diſcontents, they continue to live in the ſtudious and conſtant neglect of the duties they owe to ſociety, and endeavour, by perſeverance, to perſuade themſelves they can deſpiſe Mankind. Not unfrequently to this compound of wickedneſs and folly do they give the title of Philoſophy. It is the peculiar tendency of ſuch Philoſophers to take upon themſelves the office of ſcutinizing the ſprings of human action, with no other intent than to diſcover their imperfections. They employ their penetration with invidious accuracy and malicious eagerneſs, to deteſt vices which were hidden from the world; they exhibit them with the oſtentation of a diſcovery; they exaggerate them with every art and

and expedient their invention can ſuggeſt, or their ſagacity approve.—This is the philoſophical ſyſtem of many a hermit.—But be the ſucceſs of ſuch men's labours what it may, they will be ſo unfortunate as to find Virtue enough in the world to defeat their hopes, and Happineſs ſufficient to enſure their miſery.

Upon the whole, perhaps the Philoſophy of a Recluſe has little claim to our encouragement. That which is ſometimes unfriendly, and generally uſeleſs, is ſeldom commendable. The knowledge which is cultivated, and not called into uſe for the public good, confers little benefit upon man; and the Religion which is exerciſed in ſecret, with whatever fervour of devotion, loſes much of its efficacy when it hides ſuch an example from the world.

It is too often that theſe recluſe and ſplenetic Philoſophers, whom I have mentioned, denounce their comprehenſive anathemas againſt the Sons of Men, and condemn the whole ſpecies for the crime of an individual.

It is, perhaps, a dangerous indulgence, by which we ever allow ourſelves to declaim in general terms againſt the depravity of human nature, and to give way to the too frequent tendency of our hearts, when we are irritated by particular offences to ſay in our haſte, "All Men are Liars."

It might not be amiſs for thoſe who are ſolicitous to ſupply their neighbours on every occaſion with the appoſite precepts of proverbial wiſdom; to be cautious leſt they become more deſirous of indulging their ſpleen than their benevolence; more fond of correcting vice, than reforming it; and leſt they find more pleaſure in the detection of evil, than in the bringing good to light.

No. 32.——SATURDAY, *October* 20, 1787.

The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

SIR,

If you ſhould eſteem this little Tale worth a place in your amuſing publication, you will probably hear more from him, who is yours,

A WANDERER.

BEING on a tour to the North, I was one evening arreſted in my progreſs at the entrance of a ſmall Hamlet, by breaking the fore wheel of my Phaeton. This accident rendering it impracticable for me to proceed to the next town, from which I was now ſixteen miles diſtant, I directed my ſteps to a ſmall cottage, at the door of which, in a woodbine arbour, ſat a man of about ſixty, who was ſolacing himſelf with a pipe. In the front of his houſe was affixed a ſmall board, which I

conceived to contain an intimation, that travellers might there be accommodated. Addreſſing myſelf therefore to the old man, I requeſted his aſſiſtance, which he readily granted; but on my mentioning an intention of remaining at his houſe all night, he regretted that it was not in his power to receive me, and the more ſo, as there was no inn in the village.—It was not till now that I diſcovered my error concerning the board over the door, which contained a notification, that there was taught that uſeful art, of which, if we credit Mrs. Baddely's Memoirs, a certain noble Lord was ſo groſsly ignorant. In ſhort, my friend proved to be the Schoolmaſter, and probably Secretary to the Hamlet. Affairs were in this ſituation when the Vicar made his appearance. He was one of the moſt venerable figures I had ever ſeen; his time-ſilvered locks ſhaded his temples, whilſt the lines of misfortune were, alas! but too viſible in his countenance. Time had ſoftened, but could not efface them.—On ſeeing my broken equipage, he addreſſed me; and when he began to ſpeak his countenance was illumined by a ſmile.—"I preſume, Sir, ſaid he, that the accident you have juſt experienced, will render it impoſſible for you to proceed. Should that be the caſe, you will be much diſtreſſed for lodgings, the place affording no accommodations for travellers, as my pariſhioners are neither

ther *willing* nor *able* to ſupport an alehouſe; and as we have few travellers, we have little need of one: But if you will accept the beſt accommodation my cottage affords, it is much at your ſervice."—After expreſſing the ſenſe I entertained of his goodneſs, I joyfully accepted ſo deſirable an offer.—As we entered the Hamlet, the ſun was gilding with his departing beams the village ſpire, whilſt a gentle breeze refreſhed the weary hinds, who, ſeated beneath the venerable oaks that overſhadowed their cottages, were repoſing themſelves after the labours of the day, and liſtening attentively to the tale of an old Soldier, who, like myſelf, had wandered thus far, and was now diſtreſſed for a lodging. He had been in ſeveral actions, in one of which he had loſt a leg; and was now, like many other brave fellows,

"———————— Doom'd to beg
"His bitter bread thro' realms his valor ſav'd."

My kind hoſt invited me to join the crowd, and liſten to his tale. With this requeſt I readily complied. No ſooner did we make our appearance, than I attracted the attention of every one. The appearance of a ſtranger in a Hamlet, two hundred miles from the capital, is generally productive of ſurpriſe; and every one examines the new comer with the moſt attentive obſervation.—So wholly did my arrival engroſs

the villagers, that the Veteran was obliged to defer the continuation of his narrative, till their curioſity ſhould be gratified.—Every one there took an opportunity of teſtifying the good will they bore my venerable hoſt, by offering him a ſeat on the graſs. The good man and myſelf were ſoon ſeated, and the brave Veteran reſumed his narrative, in the following words:—"After, continued he, I had been intoxicated, I was carried before a juſtice, who was intimate with the captain, at whoſe requeſt he atteſted me before I had ſufficiently recovered my ſenſes to ſee the danger I was encountering. In the morning, when I came to myſelf, I found I was in the cuſtody of three or four ſoldiers, who, after telling me what had happened, in ſpite of all I could ſay, carried me to the next town, without permitting me to take leave of one of my neighbours. When they reached the town it was market day, and I ſaw ſeveral of the people from our village, who were alſo ſorry to hear what had happened, and endeavoured to procure my releaſe, but in vain. After taking an affecting leave of my neighbours, I was marched to Portſmouth, and there, together with an hundred more, embarked for the coaſt of Africa. During the voyage, moſt of our number died, or became ſo enfeebled by ſickneſs as to make them unfit for ſervice. This was owing partly to the climate, partly to the want of water, and to confinement in the ſhip.

When

When we reached the coaſt of Africa, we were landed, and experienced every poſſible cruelty from our officers. At length, however, a man of war arrived, who had loſt ſeveral marines in a late action, and I, with ſome others, was ſent on board to ſerve in that ſtation. Soon after we put to ſea, we fell in with a French man of war. In the action I loſt my leg, and was near being thrown overboard; but the humanity of the chaplain preſerved my life, and on my return to England procured my diſcharge. I applied for the Chelſea bounty, but it was refuſed me, becauſe I loſt my limb when acting as a marine: And as I was not a regular marine, I was not entitled to any protection from the Admiralty. Therefore I am reduced to live on the good will of thoſe who pity my misfortunes. To be ſure mine is a hard lot; but the King does not know it, or (God bleſs his Majeſty) he is too good to let thoſe ſtarve who have fought his battles."

The village clock now ſtriking eight, the worthy Vicar roſe, and ſlipping ſomething into the old man's hand, deſired me to follow him. At our departure, the villagers promiſed to take care of the old man. We returned the farewell civilities of the ruſtics, and directed our ſteps to the vicarage. It was ſmall, with a thatched roof. The front was entirely covered with woodbine and honeyſuckle, which ſtrongly ſcented the circumambient air. A grove of

ancient oaks, that ſurrounded the houſe, caſt a ſolemn ſhade over, and preſerved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midſt of which ran a ſmall brook, that gently murmured as it flowed. This, together with the bleating of the ſheep, the lowing of the herds, the village murmurs, and the diſtant barkings of the truſty curs, who were now entering on their office as guardians of the Hamlet, formed a concert, at leaſt equal to that in Tottenham-court-road. On entering the wicket, we were met by a little girl of ſix years old. Her dreſs was ſimple, but elegant; and her appearance ſuch as ſpoke her deſtined for a higher ſphere. As ſoon as ſhe had informed her grandfather that ſupper was ready, ſhe dropped a courteſy, and retired. I delayed not a moment to congratulate the good old man on poſſeſſing ſo great a treaſure. He replied, but with a ſigh, and we entered the houſe, where every thing was diſtinguiſhed by an air of elegant ſimplicity that ſurpriſed me. On our entrance, he introduced me to his wife; a woman turned of forty, who ſtill poſſeſſed great remains of beauty, and had much the appearance of a woman of faſhion. She received me with eaſy politeneſs, and regretted that ſhe had it not in her power to entertain me better. I requeſted her not to diſtreſs me with unneceſſary apologies, and we ſat down to ſupper. The little angel, who welcomed us at the door, now ſeating herſelf oppoſite to me, offered

offered me an opportunity of contemplating one of the fineſt faces I had ever beheld. My worthy hoſt, obſerving how much I was ſtruck with her appearance, directed my attention to a picture which hung over the mantle. It was a ſtriking likeneſs of my little neighbour, only on a larger ſcale—That, Sir, ſaid he, is Harriet's mother. Do you not think there is a vaſt reſemblance? To this I aſſented, when the old man put up a prayer to Heaven, that ſhe might reſemble her mother in every thing but her unhappy fate. He then ſtarted another topic of converſation, without gratifying the curioſity he had excited concerning the fate of Harriet's mother; for whom I already felt myſelf much intereſted.—Her tale, however, ſhall be the ſubject of a future paper.

X.

No. 33.——SATURDAY, *Oct.* 27, 1787.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

SIR,

I HAVE often beheld with concern the ſhameful condition of many churches in England; and I may venture to ſay, that the ruinous ſtate in which they are ſuffered to continue, is one cauſe of the want of real piety in thoſe who attend them. *They* muſt have a large ſtock of religion in their hearts, who can preſerve any ſpirit of devot on in ſome of theſe fabrics, where there is frequently nothing to be ſeen, or heard, which can fix the attention, or raiſe the mind to heaven. The Romaniſts adorn their churches with every thing which can make them to appear grand, ſolemn, and like what is called the Houſe of God. Their muſic and ſinging are fine, and all things in their ſervices and ceremonies conſpire to raiſe their devotion.

I wasled to this ſubject by a late excurſion into the country, to a village not twenty-five miles from

from London. The houſes were much ſcattered about, and appeared beggarly; but within ſight of the church there ſtood a gentleman's ſeat, which was laid out with all the elegance that could be beſtowed upon the houſe and grounds. The church-yard joined to the park. Having ſurveyed every thing there, it being Sunday, I went into the church; to which one miſerable bell, much like a ſmall porridge-pot, called half a dozen people, which number comprehended the congregation. The church-yard itſelf was low and wet; a broken gate the entrance; a few ſmall wooden tombs and an old yew tree the only ornaments. The inſide of the church anſwered the outſide; the walls green with damp; a few broken benches; with pieces of mats, dirty and very ragged; the ſtairs to the pulpit half worn away; the communion-table ſtood upon three legs; the rails worm-eaten, and half gone. The *Miniſter* of this noble edifice was anſwerable to it, in dreſs and manners. Having entered the church, he made the beſt of his way to the chancel, where he changed his wig; put on a dirty, iron-moulded, ragged ſurplice; and after a ſhort angry dialogue with the clerk, entered his deſk, and began immediately without looking into the book. He read as if he had ten other churches to ſerve that day, at as many miles diſtance from each other. The clerk ſang a melancholy ſolo; neither tune nor words of which I ever

heard before. Then followed a ſhort, confuſed, hurried diſcourſe; after this the ſmall congregation departed; which had conſiſted of a gentleman and his family about a mile and half off, and two old men, who conſtantly attended for ſixpence a piece, given by that family. The door was then ſhut, till the next Sunday came round.

Theſe are literally and truly facts: and that many other country churches are no better, either within or without, nor better ſerved or attended, every body who has gone through the ſmaller villages in England muſt know. In ſome of the moſt admired parts of our admired country, in the neighbourhood of the capital, in pariſhes frequented by people of fortune, and where perhaps three or four noble families attend divine ſervice every Sunday in the ſummer ſeaſon, the churches are ſuffered, year after year, to be in a condition, in which not one of thoſe families would ſuffer the worſt room in their houſe to continue for a week.

This deplorable ſtate of our churches ſhews, I think, the ſtate of piety amongſt us more than any ſingle circumſtance, and has an effect upon the minds of young perſons which is very diſcouraging. A wretched, cold, damp building, far removed often from all habitable dwellings; within ſight of which few people of conſequence care to live; made the receptacle of the dead;

viſited

viſited by the living only once a week; and then endangering the health of thoſe who viſit it,—do we wonder that people are glad to be diſmiſſed from ſuch a place, where nothing but horror and melancholy ſtrike their eyes and their thoughts? Nor can the fineſt diſcourſe from the pulpit diſpel the gloom: and the pſalm-finging in moſt country churches is far from contributing towards this ſalutary end.

Who can expect, that the young and gay will prefer this ſcene to the pleaſures of the world? It is not in general to be expected. Would but the rich and great in every village, who laviſh ſums of money on their own perſons, furniture, houſes, grounds, &c. &c.—would they but beſtow a little of it towards making the Houſe of God, if not equal with their own habitations, at leaſt decent and chearful, and ſuch as may be entered ſafely and without fear; very great indeed would be the effect on multitudes! It is difficult to conceive how a ſmall portion of a large income can be expended more to the credit of the donor, or to the benefit of his neighbours.

We naturally call to mind, upon this occaſion, the uneaſineſs felt and expreſſed by the royal prophet, on conſidering the magnificence of his own houſe, and the little or no care taken of the Ark of God. And if we reflect ſeriouſly on the *neceſſity* of having places conſecrated to

ſacred

ſacred purpoſes, and the *importance* of their being kept up with due reverence, two other remarkable paſſages in Holy Writ will occur to every thinking perſon. When the ſecond temple was built, and adorned by king Artaxerxes, we find Ezra addreſſing himſelf to heaven in theſe words; "Bleſſed be the Lord God of our fathers, who has put ſuch a thing as this into the king's heart, to beautify the Houſe of the Lord." And we cannot but admire the wiſdom of the Jews; who, when aſking of our Lord a favour for the Centurion, ſay, "He loveth our nation, and hath built us a ſynagogue." Then the Saviour went with them.

I am, Sir,

your obedient humble ſervant,

A Friend to Decency in Religious Worſhip.

THE obſervations made by my correſpondent are, I fear, but too juſt; and I moſt readily embrace the opportunity of recommending them to the conſideration of all whom it may concern.

The inhabitants of moſt country pariſhes are prevented by their poverty from doing much in matters of this kind. The neceſſary repairs are often a ſufficient burden. Opulent families ſhould therefore ſtep forward, and take upon them

them the articles of ornament and beauty, or at leaſt convenience and comfort. They themſelves would be the firſt to enjoy the advantages; of which it may not, ſurely, be accounted the leaſt, to be ſaved from the neceſſity of bluſhing, when foreigners, or perſons of a different perſuaſion, behold the wretched condition of the church by them frequented. A few good examples could not fail of being followed; and faſhion, in this particular, might ſoon be put on the ſide of religion.

Indeed, unleſs the nobility and gentry ſhall be pleaſed to lend their aſſiſtance, from having bad churches, we ſhall come to have none at all. Many of them were built about the ſame time; and about the ſame time, if not well looked to, will be falling: and it is eaſier to ſupport, than to build.

It may be queſtioned whether the Gothic form, though ſo venerable for its antiquity, do not itſelf occaſion ſome of the inconveniencies above lamented. A ſmaller and more compact room would often contain the congregation, and the ſervice might be performed in it with more eaſe and benefit both to the ſpeaker and the hearer. It would be leſs ſubject to the damp and cold, and at the ſame time more light and cheerful. For notwithſtanding the celebrated line of Milton, there is no natural connection between darkneſs and religion, which is the ſource of joy and comfort, of light and life, to the

the human heart, and ſhould diſpel gloom and melancholy, wherever it comes.

Towards the promotion of this deſirable end a due performance of pſalmody could not fail greatly to contribute, as it was moſt undoubtedly intended to do. At preſent in many country churches, it is either diſmal, or ridiculous; and our people are frequently induced to fall off to other religious aſſemblies, by the ſuperior melody to be heard in them. There is hope, however, of ſome reformation among us in this part of divine worſhip; as many worthy clergymen have turned their thoughts this way, and ſelected proper tunes and proper words for the purpoſe. But whoever wiſhes to ſee this matter thoroughly diſcuſſed, and a proper plan propoſed, muſt conſult the ſenſible and excellent pamphlet lately publiſhed by Dr. Vincent on the ſubject.

Z.

No. 34.——SATURDAY, *November* 3, 1787.

To the AUTHOR of the OLLA PODRIDA.

Fungar vice Cotis.

HORACE.

SIR,

WHEN you commenced your career, as a periodical editor, you enumerated with a minuteneſs of detail the various ingredients of which your Farrago was to be compoſed. Having ever eſteemed a diſcuſſion of the merits of literary compoſition a very pleaſing and profitable exerciſe of the judgment, with great ſatisfaction I perceived that criticiſm formed no inconſiderable part of your deſign. In your earlier numbers, my wiſhes were gratified by ſeveral judicious ſtrictures on particular works of ſome ancient and modern writers. But lately, whether deeming ſuch ſpeculations unworthy of your attention, or catching the momentary but virtuous phrenzy of reformation, you have devoted your Lucubrations to objects, to which his Majeſty's moſt gracious Proclamation,

tion, and the exertions of thoſe intelligent magiſtrates, the juſtices, might be directed, with equal propriety, and perhaps with as great a probability of ſucceſs.

I mean not to reprehend your co-operative induſtry, but am deſirous only of recalling to the recollection of your readers that criticiſm was included in your original plan; and that the ſubject of this Letter, though of a different complexion from ſome of your recent numbers, is not contradictory to the general tenor of your deſign.

It is not my intention to trouble either you or your readers with remarks on any voluminous compoſition of eminent writers, or ſcrupulouſly to balance the nice diſcriminations of varying commentators. No, Sir, mine is a virgin-theme, as yet untouched by the rude hand of criticiſm; and unreſtrained by the galling ſhackles of preſcriptive method. And, perhaps, my efforts may not be unattended with ſome advantage immediately to yourſelf, as the compoſitions to which I allude have commonly been diffuſed through periodical channels. Theſe compoſitions are thoſe narrations of blended fiction and ſentiment, which, too inconſiderable from their ſize to ſwell into circulatory duodecimos, aſſume the general humble denomination of TALES, and are diſtinguiſhed by the epithets tender, pathetic, ſentimental, founded on fact, &c. &c.

As

As Ariſtotle deduced his Rules from the great Originals who preceded him, it ſhall be my province to follow ſo illuſtrious an example, and in this primary eſſay, to inculcate ſome general precepts, and not to point out in detail or extract individual excellences which are profuſely ſcattered through the ample labours of writers of this deſcription.

It is eſſential to a Tale that it ſhould be tender, for who is there that would not deſire for his Works the precious balm of a ſigh or a tear, rather than that they ſhould excite the applauſe of a ſmile or the boiſterous acclamation of laughter.

It ſhould not abound too much in incident, leſt the curioſity be excited as much as the finer feelings.

The opening of a Tale ſhould be abrupt, and the author ſhould commonly profeſs that his knowledge of it had ariſen from ſome unforeſeen accident. This ſaves the trouble of a long introduction, and brings the author and reader fairly at once into the ſubject. A piece of butter on a torn leaf, the being benighted on a long journey, the traveller's horſe loſing a ſhoe, have been ſuch hacknied expedients that I cannot poſſibly approve their repetition. The introduction of the mail-coach is however a new and fortunate epoch; and I doubt not of its being ſpeedily adopted by ſeveral writers in every

every variation of fracture, until the whole ſtock of caſualties be exhauſted.

The principal incident ſhould not be extravagant, but be ſome common occurrence, that it may come home to the boſoms of a great Number. A tender fair-one ſeduced by her lover—a dutiful ſon turned out of doors by an unnatural father—a marriage of love and inclination thwarted by unfeeling parents—and all common events of a ſimilar nature are admirable topics.

So much for the plot or ground-work, in which at intervals ſhould be interſperſed inferior circumſtances, pathetic if poſſible, but the more minute they are, the greater will be their effect. A dog—a cow lowing for its calf—a weeping willow—a withered oak—an old woman—thin grey hairs on a human head—and the like, may certainly be introduced with great ſucceſs.

The Diction may be allowed to be generally unequal, but ſhould unqueſtionably be florid and elevated at thoſe intervals of the narration, where ſuch embelliſhments may be requiſite. Horace's prohibition of the "purpurei panni," muſt be totally diſregarded.

Exclamations ſhould never be uſed without the moſt abſolute neceſſity. They are a ſpecies of affront on the feelings of a reader, who throws down the book with indignation when he is *informed* at what paſſage he is to be affected.

Alas

Alas has had its day, and muſt now ſubmit in its turn to the common chance of worldly revolutions. Indeed it would be ſcarcely noticed were not the mark of interjection ! commonly annexed to it.—Daſhes are more ſtriking and pathetic—and are beſides a very neat addition of typographical ornament.

In reſpect to Epithets great caution is indiſpenſable. The ſun is ever golden, the moon ever ſilver: the ſea is azure, and the meadow verdant; the foliage of the trees is commonly green, except in the ſombre or dark-pathetic, when the autumnal tinge greatly enhances the pathos.

Mythology and Allegory muſt be introduced with circumſpection. The *dart* of *Cupid*, the *fires* of *ambition*, the *warmth* of *love*, the *coldneſs* of *diſdain*, from their general acceptation, may be uſed without danger.

Alluſions derived from Natural Philoſophy are more novel and brilliant—the *electrical ſhock* of *paſſion*, the *vibration* of *reciprocal feelings*, and all phraſes of the ſame caſt, if the reader be a young lady at a boarding ſchool, or a young gentleman behind a counter, tend at once to dazzle and ſurprize.

To inſinuate or even to directly advance a coincidence between the Hero or Heroine, and any relative accompanying circumſtance is wonderfully efficacious, but is a felicity, though frequently

frequently attempted, not always attained by the moſt eminent authors. The following inſtances may probably exemplify my meaning: —*In one corner of the field was a venerable elm, bare at the bottom, with its top ſcantily crowned with leaves, which formed no inappoſite ſimilitude of the venerable owner, verging to the grave by a gradual and natural decay*,—this is of the latter kind,—in the direct ſpecies may be claſſed ſuch paſſages, as, *the lovely Maria, cheriſhed by the tender care of a parent, delighted to contemplate the frägile and fragrant woodbine twining its ſlender folds around the ſupporting poplar.*

Though at firſt ſight it may appear inconſiderable, it is really material to aſſign, appropriate, and characteriſtic names and places; *Caſſander*, *Cleora*, and all the liſt of Romantic or Hiſtoric appellations, have been long exploded, and invention is now freely permitted to create and to apply. The name of the Hero ſhould therefore excite reſpect by a due arrangement of harmonious and ſonorous letters; and that of the Heroine ſhould melt into liquid ſoftneſs. Titles of amiable perſonages ſhould gently flow; ſuch as are intended to create diſguſt ſhould hoarſely rumble.

Place is far from being an unimportant conſideration in the texture of tales.—To introduce

troduce the reader to an amiable pair, ſitting by a good coal fire, is a minute but unſentimental circumſtance. I would always therefore recommend a bower, which though not common in real, is very convenient in fictitious gardens,—but leſt it might be miſtaken for one of the lath edifices ſo frequent under this denomination in the vicinity of London, it ſhould likewiſe be covered with honeyſuckle or jaſmin, *whoſe truant ſprigs the Heroine's gentle hand may be ſuppoſed to have conducted along the convex trellis.*

The Denouement of a Tale muſt be ſimple if the principal incident be ſo. Yet it will admit endleſs variations, and in all caſes, where the author is in the leaſt degree embarraſſed, a Fragment is a never-failing expedient,—and here I cannot but commend the great convenience of thoſe intervals which occur in periodical publications; for by them an author is enabled to drop his narrative all at once, and to leave his reader for a week in an agreeable ſtate of ſuſpence and expectation.

Morality, though not eſſential, is a pretty ornament to a Tale; yet it ſhould be ſparingly adopted. I have ever greatly admired the inſinuation which authors of this deſcription ſo delicately convey reſpecting the conjugal fidelity of their married heroines; for we are univerſally informed, that the boys are the very pictures

pictures of their fathers, and that the girls have all the graces of their mothers.

Such, Sir, are some of the opinions I have formed on this subject, which I have thrown together without order or connection; and if from them the rising generation of tale writers may cull any useful or improving hints, my ambition will be gratified:—If *you* imagine that they may contribute to the amusement of the public, they are very much at your service.

A. M.

No. 35.

No. 35.——SATURDAY, *November* 10, 1787.

Ille ego qui quondam.—

SIR,

A Correſpondent, who may or may not have engaged the attention of your readers, once more addreſſes you. My laſt letter to you, which contained an account of Mr. Hatchpenny, contained likewiſe my promiſe to give you ſome inſight into the character of his wife. I ſhall therefore proceed in my plan without farther ceremony, notwithſtanding that my correſpondence with you has procured me among my ſchoolfellows, the title of "*The Sucking Socrates.*"

Mrs. Hatchpenny is that ſort of woman, which the kindneſs, or the ſarcaſm of the world (I am at a loſs to ſay which) calls a managing Houſewife. Being rather limited in her ideas of human capacity, ſhe conſiders it as the ſum total of every virtue *to make things go as far as they can*, and the perfection of accompliſhments to keep her houſe clean. Her refinements in economy are the general topics of her converſation, and ſhe triumphs in defying her

her neighbours to ſay they ever ſaw a ſpeck of dirt upon her hearth, or a chair out of its proper place.

Not long ago I heard her informing a company, that ſhe never hir'd a man-ſervant unleſs he could whiſtle. When her audience were ſtaring at each other with looks of eager enquiry, ſhe added, "when he goes to draw the beer, I conſtantly attend him to the top of the cellar-ſtairs, and inſiſt upon his whiſtling all the time he remains below." Concluding naturally enough, that the ſame mouth cannot whiſtle and drink at the ſame time.

My Aunt makes her Solomon and me ſcrape our feet twenty times a day; and every Saturday night we are compelled to go up ſtairs without our ſhoes, becauſe the houſe has been waſhed, and Molly has ſomething elſe to do, beſides *ſcrubbing after us for ever.*

Notwithſtanding her attention to economy, ſhe is fond of fine cloaths, or as ſhe calls it, "*looking like other people*;" to accompliſh which, being now about eleven years paſt her meridian, and weighing about twenty-three ſtone avoirdupoiſe, ſhe dreſſes herſelf in white, with a pink ſaſh, and a proper aſſortment of pink ribbons. If you have ever been ſo fortunate, gentle reader, as to catch an Aurora borealis in the via lactea, you cannot be at a loſs for a ſimile to which you may liken the Heroine of my hiſtory.

The

The converſation of my Aunt, particularly when ſhe *looks like other people*, has ſomething in it perhaps not very peculiar, yet not altogether unworthy of notice. She is what I have heard in the Borough called, *a fine-ſpoken Gentlewoman*. By which I am led to conceive their fine ſpeaking conſiſts in volubility of utterance, and a readineſs in the vulgar tonge. Her ſpeeches, however, are full of animated matter, and rhetorical figure, and delivered in a tone of voice much like that of Caius Gracchus without his pitch-pipe.—She talks of "*giving the hydra-head of faſhion a rap on the knuckles*;" and when ſhe wants a ſimile, generally has recourſe to a ſugar-loaf, a roll of pig-tail, or the monument; ſometimes however obſerving, that the coaches rattle by her door like *any thing*.

Thus her ſtyle is ornamented with the beſt flowers of rhetoric, ſimilies and metaphors; ſimilies which, by a peculiar felicity, convey no ideas of ſimilitude; and metaphors which illuſtrate nothing but their own confuſion.

My Aunt has many amiable qualities. Her fidelity to Solomon is unimpeached, and invincible. She is conſtant in her attendance at Church, unleſs perchance ſhe has received a card of information, that Mrs. Deputy Pepper-

corn will wait on Mrs. Hatchpenny to dinner on Monday. In this caſe ſhe prudently ſtays at home, whips up five ſyllabubs when there will be only four at dinner, returns her card of compliments, and waits with impatience to ſee Mrs. Peppercorn. The good lady has a juſt claim to the title of compaſſionate. She cannot bear thoſe vile people who drive oxen through the ſtreets of London, and *cut the poor creters about the legs till they look enough to make one ſick.* But compaſſion, which conſiſts only in words, does not content her. She gives in charity to a poor boy every week a penny, contriving within the ſeven days to ſend him at leaſt on fourteen errands. My Aunt contents herſelf with the idea that no one can ſay ſhe is uncharitable.—I have ſomewhere heard of an ingenious Philoſopher, who turned his ſhirt, after wearing it for ſome weeks, and obſerved with the ſame ſpirit of contentment and ſatisfaction, "*What a comfort there is in clean linen!*"

Mrs. Hatchpenny was ſo kind as to take me with her, on Saturday laſt, to a tea-drinking party, at Brompton, to which my Uncle Solomon was invited; but the wind being in the eaſt, and ſtocks low, he fancied he had a cold, and ſtayed at home. As we went by appointment *early*, we had diſcuſſed ſome weighty points before the tea entered. We had already learnt,

learnt, that Miſs Primroſe gave fifteen ſhillings a yard for her apron, and that ſhe bought it from the ſhop at the corner of Juniper ſtreet. Captain Makeweight had bruiſed his ſide by a fall in the Artillery ground, his ſword getting between his legs, and thereby laying him ſprawling. Mr. Titus Oats, a country gentleman had loſt his turnips by the fly—Miſs Talboy had ſprained her ancle, by climbing an apple-tree—Mrs. Poſſet had been at the Hackney aſſembly, and to be ſure Miſs Cardamum was the belle of the place, till ſhe began dancing, and then ſhe moved for all the world like a raw militia-man to the quick march—Or, ſaid the lady of the houſe, with a good humoured ſmile, like an elephant upon hot bricks—Or, (added my Aunt) like St. Paul's upon four wheels. The tea now arrived, and between the rattling of the cups, we had only time to fling in an obſervation or two like the chorus of a Greek play, when the perſons of the dialogue are taking breath. We paſſed a few ſtrictures upon the widow Scramble's (fourth) marriage, and after the removal of the tea-table, and a ſhort review of our abſent neighbour's conduct, a general converſation took place, each addreſſing the perſon who ſat upon the neareſt chair. My Aunt in the mean time could not help glancing firſt at the apron which had created a

former converſation, and then at her own, being conſcious that ſhe had given two and twenty ſhillings a yard for *every inch* of hers's—Unfortunately, no one aſked the price of it, and ſhe found herſelf under the diſagreeable neceſſity of informing the company, unſolicited, that ſhe bought it at the ſame time when Mr. Hatchpenny fined for ſheriff;—which is now ſeven years, come next Lord Mayor. My Aunt then took occaſion to deſcant upon the convenient ſituation of their ſhop in the Borough; to do the buſineſs of which, ſhe obſerved with ſome emphaſis, "*they were obliged to keep four journeymen, peck and perch all the year round, one day with another.*—Happily I was at hand to explain to the company, which I did with great pleaſure, that the words *peck* and *perch* (a favourite metaphor with my Aunt) were an alluſion to the inhabitants of a bird-cage, and meant nothing more than board and lodging.

"How do you like your new neighbours the Hatchpennys," ſaid Miſs Primroſe, in a whiſper to the lady of the houſe;—"they are monſtrouſly entertaining," ſaid the other.—A dialogue of a curious nature then commenced, in which it was remarkable, that the one regularly began a ſentence, and the other as regularly finiſhed it. "As for him (ſaid the firſt) he's

he's a churliſh old fool, with all the qualities of a bear"—"except his dancing," returned the other—"She's a great economiſt, I hear," "Yes, in every thing but her ſpeech"——"She's the envy of her neighbourhood, for her great prudence,"—"and her green pickles"—"Her reputation, and her gown, are ever without ſpot"—"The one becauſe ſhe's ſo unreaſonably ugly, and the other becauſe ſhe takes ſuch excellent care of it." "She's very nimble at cards"—"and never having been detected in cheating, may be ſaid to have had a perpetual run of good luck."—How far this dialogue proceeded, I know not, for our candle and lanthern now called us to the peaceful abode of my Uncle, whom, upon our return we found, contrary to all the rules of domeſtic felicity, ſitting with one foot upon the hearth, and a bottle by his ſide, which I ſtrongly ſuſpect to have contained ſome of the right Herefordſhire. Upon our entrance, the poſition of the foot was quickly altered, and the bottle placed in the cup-board. My Aunt withdrew, in order to diveſt herſelf of her ſplendour, before the ſupper came, remarking pointedly enough, that the *wear* and *tear* of clothes in carving was amazing and prodigious.—The incidents of the next two hours were few, and may be eaſily told—Stocks had, from the ac-

counts of that evening, risen one and an half, and my Uncle's cold was better.—At length, after a short dissertation upon the folly of mankind, and the extravagant demands of the Chelsea bun-makers, we recollected that it was Saturday night, pulled off our shoes, and retired to rest.

I am, &c.

SOCRATES IN EMBRIO.

No. 36.——SATURDAY, *November* 17, 1787.

Cum Græciam univerſam itinere rapido peragraverit, nihil fere de Græciâ, nihil vere Atticum aut quovis modo memorabile domum reportabit; cum ſcilicet ſatis habuerit peregrinantium plurimorum ritu, locorum nomina forſan & ſitus in tranſcurſu notâſſe; interea vero civium mores & inſtituta, præclara & Virtutum & Ingenii monumenta, oculo diligenti & curioſo neutiquam exploraverit.

Burtoni in *Pentalogian* Dedicatio.

THE various advantages which a Traveller may derive from an acquaintance with the modern languages, are too obvious to require a minute detail. There is one, however, which deſerves particularly to be pointed out, for inconſiderable as it may appear in the eſtimation of young men of fortune, it will have no ſmall weight with their Parents and Guardians. I allude to the conſiderable expence which may be prevented by thoſe who are able to converſe with the natives of other countries in their own

language. He who is a tolerable Linguiſt may be ſuppoſed to underſtand manners and cuſtoms; and few men, however knaviſh, will attempt to cheat him who ſeems as wiſe as themſelves. Ready and plauſible converſation will diſconcert the attacks of impoſition, and elude the ſtratagems of chicane. The French imagine that England produces as much gold as the coaſt of Africa, and Monſieur John Bull leaves his native country merely to ſcatter his money with thoughtleſs profuſion about the Continent. In conſequence of this extravagant opinion he rarely eſcapes without paying five times the real value for every commodity. His pocket is ſuppoſed to be a rich bank, upon which every rapacious Frenchman may draw at pleaſure; and of courſe demands are made upon it with inceſſant avidity, and unrelenting extortion. Theſe remarks are indebted for no ſmall degree of confirmation to the following authentic anecdote. An Officer of the regiment d'Artois, who was on a journey from London to Paris, ſpent the night at the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Calais. On examining his bill the next morning, he found that he was charged a guinea for his ſupper, which had conſiſted only of cold meat and a bottle of vin de pais. Enraged at ſo groſs an impoſition he ſummoned the maſter of the Inn, and inſiſted upon an abatement. *Milord, ſaid the landlord, I cannot*

diſgrace

diſgrace an Engliſhman of your rank by charging him a leſs price. Sirrah, replied the Officer, I am not a man of quality, but a poor Lieutenant in the ſervice of the Grand Monarque. Morblieu! rejoined the landlord, I confeſs I have made an egregious blunder.—I hope your honour will forgive me if I reduce my demand to half a crown.

It is not leſs neceſſary for a traveller to ſet out with theſe qualifications(which will enable him to repel the Incroachments of Impoſition, than it is deſirable for him to have ſtored his mind with domeſtic information. The author of the *Tableau de Paris* remarks, with great juſtneſs, that we are not beſt acquainted with thoſe things which every day affords us an opportunity of ſeeing. Curioſity is a languid principle where acceſs is eaſy, and gratification is immediate. Remoteneſs and Difficulty are powerful incentives to its vigorous and laſting operations. By many who live within the ſound of Bow Bell, the internal wonders of St. Paul's, or the Tower, may not be thought in the leaſt degree intereſting. Yet how juſtly would ſuch Perſons be claſſed with the *Incurious* of Æſop, if not viſiting their Country Friends it ſhould appear, that they had never been in the Whiſpering Gallery, or ſeen the Lions! Equally ridiculous is that Engliſhman who roams in ſearch of curioſities abroad, without

having previouſly inſpected the great beauties of nature and art at home. *Sir Solomon Simple* before he was informed at Venice that the *Pantheon*, and *St. Stephens, Walbrook*, in London, were two of the firſt pieces of Architecture in Europe, had never heard that ſuch buildings exiſted.

When a man ſays he is going to viſit foreign countries, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with his diſpoſition and turn of mind to underſtand what he deſigns by the declaration. The Scholar, the Connoiſſeur, the Man of Faſhion, the Merchant, intend to convey very different ideas by the ſame phraſe. They may all be carried to the Continent in the ſame Ship, but as their ſchemes are of the moſt diſſimilar kinds they ſeparate never to meet again. Like the diverging rays of Light, they all iſſue from the ſame point, but go off in various directions. Their reſpective purſuits eſtabliſh the analogy which is obſerved between Travelling and the Study of Hiſtory. Characters, Manners, Cuſtoms, Laws, Government, Antiquities, Arts, Sciences, and Commerce form the materials for obſervation to the Traveller as well as the Reader. Theſe offer to both the higheſt as well as the loweſt intellectual gratifications. The Philoſopher improves his Theories by an intimate acquaintance with the characters of mankind; and the Trifler kills his time in a manner

manner entertaining to himſelf and inoffenſive to the public.

It is the faſhion of the preſent times to ſkim over the ſurface of things, and to dive to the bottom for nothing. General knowledge is moſt unqueſtionably moſt deſirable, becauſe it is beſt calculated for general intercourſe with mankind. He, however, who dares to make falſe pretenſions to it, meets with Ridicule whilſt he lays ſnares for Applauſe. Such likewiſe is the reward of thoſe who talk familiarly of Perſons whom they never knew, and deſcribes Places which they never ſaw. When fertility of invention deſerts the ſtandard of truth to aid the boaſts of vanity, it becomes not only a dangerous but a deſpicable talent. *Captain Lemuel Sinbad*, (who never extended his travels beyond Flanders) will tell you he ſhook hands with old Frederick the laſt time he reviewed his troops at Potſdam. Mention the Emperor of Germany, he will poſitively aſſert, that he had a private converſation with him upon the improvement of Gun Barrels. As for the Earthquakes in Calabria, he accompanied Sir William Hamilton to aſcertain the extent of their effects. He went frequently to ſhoot with the King of Naples, and was informed at Conſtantinople by a Baſhaw of three Tails, that the Grand Signior would certainly declare war againſt the Empreſs. The Captain relates his incredible adventures in different companies

with

with ſuch material variations of circumſtances, as repel belief, and deſtroy probability. He is generally as much at war with himſelf, as with the accounts given by others. But neither the incredulous laugh, nor ſhrewd cavils of his friends, can cure him of his darling paſſion for fiction, becauſe he can ſupport the tottering fabrick of romance with the props of ſubtle and prompt argument. Nothing pleaſes him more than to find that the eel of ſophiſtry will often elude the ſtrongeſt graſp of objection. The Captain bears a cloſe reſemblance to the noted Pſalmanazar, to whom when it was objected, that as the ſun was vertical at Formoſa, all the fires muſt be extinguiſhed, readily replied, *that to prevent ſuch inconveniencies the Chimnies were built obliquely.*

By way of concluſion to this paper, ſuch a ſketch of character and detail of circumſtances ſhall be exhibited as may probably be thought UTOPIAN. Whether they be matters of fact or not, is by no means a ſubject of importance. If the plan laid down be practicable, the ſalutary effects reſulting from its execution cannot be denied; becauſe it will remove various inconveniencies, and ſupply obvious defects in the inſtructions which have been frequently given to Young Travellers.

Frederick Manly, after having paſſed through a public ſchool with applauſe, was ſent to the Univerſity at the age of eighteen, under the immediate

immediate care of a private Tutor. He applied with great diligence to claſſical and mathematical ſtudies until he reached his twentieth year, when his father thought it was neceſſary for him to lay a ſolid foundation of domeſtic knowledge, before the ſuperſtructure of foreign travel was erected. This domeſtic Knowledge conſiſted in an inveſtigation of the principles of the Conſtitution, the ſyſtem of Laws, and the adminiſtration of Juſtice: it comprized a general inquiry into the ſeveral branches of Commerce and manufactures, the ſtate of Agriculture, Learning, and the Arts; and concluded with an examination of the Reaſonableneſs of national Religion. The defects or errors of books on theſe intereſting topics were remedied by converſations with intelligent perſons; and the vague ſyſtem of theory were rectified by obſervations on the actual ſtate of things. To diverſify theſe purſuits *Manly* made the regular Tour of Great Britain with the double intention of ſurveying natural and artificial curioſities, and of converſing with thoſe who were eminent for Manners, Attainments, or Genius. On viſiting the Continent, a more extenſive and intereſting proſpect was diſplayed to his view; but he did not diſſipate his curioſity amidſt a frivolous and perplexing variety of objects. As he had been long habituated to the acquirement of uſeful knowledge, his reſearches were directed to that alone. He poſſeſſed the beſt means

means of procuring ſatisfactory and genuine information, as he converſed in the French, Italian, and German languages with elegance and fluency. Such was the ſucceſs with which he ſacrificed to the Graces, that the Ladies were charmed with the politeneſs of his manner; and ſuch was the highly cultivated ſtate of his mind, that foreigners in general gained conſiderably by the interchange of ideas. His heart was happily ſecured againſt the ſeductions of illicit amours, by an early attachment to a Lady, whoſe temper and turn of mind were congenial with his own. Their abſence was alleviated by a regular Correſpondence. His deſire to contribute to her entertainment and information, made every object doubly intereſting, and gave the keeneſt edge to his curioſity. He ſurveyed the beſt ſpecimens of ancient and modern Art with a degree of rapture which bordered on Enthuſiaſm. His Taſte was not the offspring of Affectation, but the gift of Nature, improved by Experience. Harmony of colours, Symmetry of parts, and the name of a great Maſter were, in his eſtimation, merely excellencies of the ſecond claſs. Sculpture and Painting had no charms for him, excluſive of the Force and Beauty of their effect. Rome and Florence were the principal places of his reſidence, becauſe in them the fine Arts had depoſited their moſt valuable treaſures. At the expiration of

three

three years he returned to his native country, and was united to the Miſtreſs of his affections. His manners were refined, but not formal; his dreſs was faſhionable, but not foppiſh; his deportment eaſy, but not finical. His conſtitution was invigorated by exerciſe; and his fortune unimpaired by extravagance. Scepticiſm had not undermined, nor Bigotry contracted his religious principles. He gave a proof how high a poliſh the Britiſh Diamond will take; his example fully evinced, that it cannot be excelled either in ſolidity or luſtre. His prejudices were worn away by enlarged intercourſe with Mankind. His philanthropy was ardent, and his patriotiſm not leſs ſpirited than rational. *Manly*, in ſhort, was a citizen of the world, who had carefully weighed the merits of *all* cultivated nations, and made England the place of his reſidence, becauſe her excellencies preponderated in the ſcale.

Q.

No. 30.——SATURDAY, *November* 24, 1787.

CONTINUATION of the VICAR'S TALE.

SUPPER being removed, after chatting ſome time, my worthy hoſt conducted me to my bed-chamber, which was on the ground floor, and lined with jeſſamin, that was conducted in at the windows. After wiſhing me good night, he retired, leaving me to reſt.—The beauty of ſcenery, however, and my uſual propenſity to walk by moon-light, induced me to leave my fragrant cell. When I ſallied forth, the moon was darting her temperate rays through the ſhades that ſurrounded the cottage, tipping the tops of the venerable oaks with ſilver. After taking a turn or two on the lawn, I wandered to the ſpot,—"where the rude forefathers of the Hamlet ſleep." It was ſmall, and for the moſt part ſurrounded with yew-trees of an ancient date, beneath whoſe ſolemn ſhade many generations had mouldered into duſt. No ſooner did I enter, than my attention

attention *was caught* by a pillar of white marble, placed on the ſummit of a ſmall eminence, the baſe of which was ſurrounded with honeyſuckles and woodbines, whilſt a large willow overſhadowed the pillar. As I was with attention peruſing the epitaph, I was not a little alarmed by the approach of a figure, cloathed in a long robe.—The apparition continued advancing towards me with a ſlow ſtep, and its eyes fixed on the ground, which prevented it obſerving me till we were within reach of each other.—Great was my wonder at recognizing my worthy hoſt in this ſituation; nor was his aſtoniſhment leſs at finding his gueſt thus courting the appearance of goblins and fairies.—After each had expreſſed the ſurprize he felt, I proceeded to enquire whoſe duſt was there enſhrined. To my queſtion he returned anſwer: —There, Sir, ſleeps Harriet's mother, an innocent, but unfortunate woman. Pardon, me, Sir, ſaid he, if for a moment I indulge my ſorrow, and bedew my Harriet's grave with tears, —a tribute that I oſten pay her much-loved memory, when the reſt of the world are loſt in ſleep.—Here he pauſed, and ſeemed much agitated. At length he requeſted my permiſſion to defer the recital of Harriet's woes till the next day, as he found himſelf unequal to the taſk of proceeding in the painful detail. To this propoſal I readily acceded, and we returned home.

home. I retired to my room, but every attempt to procure ſleep proved ineffectual. Harriet had ſo wholly occupied my thoughts, that no moment of the night was ſuffered to paſs unnoticed. At length, "when ſoared the warbling lark on high," I left my couch, and rejoined my worthy landlord, who was buſily employed in the arrangement of his garden. Though I declined mentioning the ſubject of our laſt night's adventure,—yet he ſaw the marks of anxious expectation in my countenance, and proceeded to gratify the curioſity he had inſpired.—It will be neceſſary, ſaid he, before I proceed to relate the woes that befel my daughter, to give a ſhort ſketch of my own life.—Six and twenty years ago, Mrs. ——— came hither for the benefit of her health, the air being recommended as highly ſalubrious. On her arrival, ſhe gave out that ſhe was the daughter of a clergyman, who was lately dead, and had left her in narrow circumſtances.—I thought it my duty to viſit her, and offer her any little attention in my power. She received me with politeneſs, and expreſſed a wiſh to cultivate my acquaintance. I continued to repeat my viſits for ſome time without ſuſpecting that there was any thing particular in her hiſtory,—till one morning I found her in tears reading a letter ſhe had juſt received. On my entrance ſhe gave it to me: it contained a notification

tification from Lord B——'s agent, that her uſual remittances would no longer be continued. On opening this letter, I was led to ſuppoſe that her connection with Lord B——— was not of the moſt honourable nature. But all my ſuſpicion vaniſhed on her producing ſeveral letters from Lord B——— to her mother, with whom he had been long connected. —From theſe letters I learnt, that Mrs. ——— was the daughter of Lord B——— by Miſs M———, ſiſter to a Scotch baronet, whom he had ſeduced and ſupported during the remainder of her life. But he had, it ſeems, determined to withdraw his protection from the fruit of their connection. Mrs. —— declared ſhe knew not what ſtep to take, as her finances were nearly exhauſted. I endeavoured to comfort her, aſſuring her that ſhe ſhould command every aſſiſtance in my power:—On hearing this, ſhe ſeemed a little ſatisfied, and became more compoſed. After ſitting with her ſome time, I returned home to conſider in what manner I might moſt eaſily afford protection to the young orphan, whoſe whole dependance was on my ſupport. —If I took her home to live with me, as I was unmarried it would give offence to my pariſhioners. My income was too confined to admit of my affording her a ſeparate eſtabliſhment. Thus circumſtanced, I determined

to

to offer her my hand. You will, no doubt, ſay it was rather an imprudent ſtep for a man who had ſeen his fortieth year to connect himſelf with youth and beauty: but as my brother was then living, it was impoſſible for me to render the leaſt aſſiſtance on any other plan. She received my propoſal with grateful ſurpriſe, and accepted it without heſitation.—In a few days we were married, and have now lived together ſix and twenty years in a ſtate, the felicity of which has never been interrupted by thoſe diſcordant jars which are ſo frequently the concomitants of matrimony: though, alas! our peace has received a mortal wound from one, the bare mention of whoſe name fills me with horror!—But not to digreſs: Before the return of that day which ſaw me bleſſed with the hand of Emily, my happineſs received an important addition, by the birth of a daughter, who inherited all her mother's charms. It is ſuperfluous to add, that ſhe was equally the idol of both her parents; and as ſhe was the only fruit of our marriage, ſhe became every day a greater favourite. My wife had received ſuch an education as rendered her fully capable of accompliſhing her daughter in a manner far ſuperior to any thing her ſituation required, or perhaps could juſtify. To this agreeable employment, however, ſhe devoted her whole time,

and

and when Harriet had reached her eighteenth year ſhe was in every reſpect a highly accompliſhed woman. She was become what that picture repreſents her. With an amiable temper and gentle manners, ſhe was the idol of the village. Hitherto ſhe had experienced a ſtate of felicity unknown in the more exalted ſtations of life—unconſcious, alas! of the ills that awaited her future years.

It is with reluctance I proceed in the melancholy narrative.—One evening, as a young man, attended by a ſervant, was paſſing through the village, his horſe ſtartled and threw him. Happening to be on the ſpot at the time, I offered every aſſiſtance in my power, and conveying him to my cottage, diſpatched his ſervant in queſt of a ſurgeon, who declared our patient was not in any danger, but recommended it to him to delay his departure for a day or two. His health, however, or rather his love, did not admit of his travelling for near a fortnight; during which time he eſtabliſhed his intereſt with Harriet by the moſt pleaſing and unremitting attention to her ſlighteſt wiſhes.—When about to depart, he requeſted leave to repeat his viſit on his return from his intended tour, dropping, at the ſame time, ſome diſtant hints of his affection for Harriet, to whom he was by no means indifferent.

Mr.

Mr. H—— (for ſo our gueſt was named) informed us, previous to his departure, that he had a ſmall independent fortune; but that from a diſtant relation he had conſiderable expectation. After bidding an affectionate adieu to Harriet, he ſet out on his intended tour, which laſted for a month;—the effects produced by his abſence muſt however be reſerved for another paper.

X.

1 AP 57

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.